IT by bookworm0702

Category: Glee, IT
Genre: Friendship, Horror
Language: English
Characters: David, New Directions
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-02-19 15:34:52
Updated: 2017-08-25 01:20:06
Packaged: 2019-12-12 02:36:06
Rating: T
Chapters: 14
Words: 41,267
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: When children in Derry begin to go missing and one child is brutally murdered, town librarian, David Sullivan, knows it's time to call his six childhood friends. They need to stop what had happened 30 years ago from happening again. They need to stop IT

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note: This is based off Stephen King's It. And in case there is any confusion, the David I am using is Warbler David.

Disclaimer: I do not own 'It'. I also do not own any characters from 'Glee'.

Derry, Maine 1990

David Sullivan was standing by the crime scene of the murder of a little girl, listening in on the statements being given to the police. Alex Chang, or rather, what was left of her, had been found by her mother, Tina. The distraught mother had told the police that Alex had been riding her tricycle when Tina had called her in, wary of the coming storm. Tina had been in the house for less than a minute when she came outside again to collect the laundry from the line.

She had found her four-year-old daughter ripped to pieces.

A police officer approached David when he saw him, "The Chief's gonna have a cow if he sees you snooping around here."

"Well I won't tell him if you don't," David replied with a slight smirk before his face fell blank again, "What have you got, Wes?"

"There's not much left. Just like last time."

"Anybody see anything?"

"The mother said she saw— " before Wes could tell him anything else, he was interrupted by the Chief of Police, Hunter Clarington.

"I thought I told you to stay out of this, Sullivan."

"I'm just a concerned citizen, Chief," David said, turning to face him, "And I call six kids missing or *dead* a major cause for alarm."

Hunter rolled his eyes, "A drifter could have easily killed this girl. And the rest could be just a rash of runaways. Kids get itchy feet.

They want to explore the world."

David didn't even try to contain his sarcasm, "Right. A five-year-old in a toy car gets itchy feet. A seven-year-old goes down to Acapulco for a wild weekend? Is that what you think happened?"

"The boy's father took him. We're nearly positive of that. The other one…" Hunter trailed off, mainly because they had no idea what happened to the other child.

Even though he knew it was useless, David still had to try to convince him that there was more going on than he thought, "Chief, there is something terribly wrong here in Derry…and you know it."

"Hey. I'm the cop. You're the librarian. Okay?" Without waiting for a response, Hunter walked away.

David turned to leave. Before he could go, however, a piece of crumpled paper leaning against a nearby tree caught his eye. As he bent to pick it up, he saw that it was an old picture of a little boy with tangled dark brown hair and an easy smile. It was a boy that David recognized from a picture he had been shown when he was a child, "Joe."

May 28,

Another killing today. But this time there was something more. Something that makes my skin crawl. A picture that couldn't have no, that ***shouldn't have*** *been there.*

It's time to tell the others what's happening. I can't put it off any longer. But I hope I'm wrong. Oh, I hope to God I'm wrong.

David put away his journal and reluctantly picked up his address book. He had made sure to keep up with their current phone numbers in case something like this ever happened. These were calls he had never wanted to make, but they were the only ones who could do anything about It.

The dark-skinned man sighed as he found the first number. Finn

Hudson.

2. Finn Hudson

Disclaimer: I don't own anything.

Hampstead Heath, England 1990

Tagert steps onto the Moors as the fog curls around his ankles. He shivers, buttons his coat, and walks on; disappearing into the mist.

A shadowy figure lurches into frame; dripping with foul water and dark oozing mud.

Finn Hudson looks up from his computer, "Yeah…yeah that works."

Finn Hudson was a famous author. He had originally gone to school for a teaching degree, but had rediscovered his love for creating stories in a Literature class he had taken for an extracurricular. The tall man was famous for horror stories, and one of them was being turned into a movie, which he was currently working on the screenplay for.

He had started to type again when there was a knock to his study door.

"Finn, for the last time," his wife, Rachel, called through the door, annoyed.

"In a minute!" Finn responded.

"That's what you said a half an hour ago. And the half hour before that!"

With a frustrated roll of his eyes, Finn said, "Okay!" he quickly saved his work and left for the dining room.

Finn entered the dining room to find Rachel sitting in front of a cold plate of food, reading the script. She was a famous actress he had met while he was attending NYU and she had been a struggling Broadway actress. That had been fifteen years ago. They had been married for ten after moving to England after Rachel failed to make it in

Hollywood. She had been plain in LA but was considered exotic in England. That, combined with her obvious talent, made her a star.

"It's cold," Rachel said as Finn sat down, "I like the changes, Finn," she said, putting the script down, "They're wonderful."

"I wish you'd tell that idiot, Jesse," Finn said.

"I do, every day," when Finn didn't say anything, Rachel went on, "You didn't have to take this job, you know. It's not as if we need the money."

"In case you've forgotten, I took the job to be with you," he said with a crooked smile, "besides if they're just going to hire someone to mangle one of my books, it might as well be me."

"Of course, the idea of actually taking a vacation didn't even occur to you."

"So I could hang around set with a bunch of actors? It's not what I do, Rachel. Writing is what I do, it's what I *like* to do," this had become a common argument around their dinner table. His refusal to spend time on set, and her inability to understand why anyone would willingly seclude themselves. Rachel just shook her head.

"At least when you're writing a novel you're in a good mood," she said, sadly. She hated that he was doing something he didn't like just to spend time with her and all it was doing was making them argue.

"Rachel, can't we just—" He was cut off by the sound of the phone ringing. He looked at Rachel, the only one who actually got phone calls, in a silent question.

"I'm asleep," she said with a shake of her head, before amending, "Unless it's Jesse."

"Jesse," Finn said mockingly before going to answer the phone, "Hello," he said.

"Finn, is that you?" asked a voice Finn didn't recognize.

"Sorry, fella, do I know you?" he asked a little curtly.

"This is David Sullivan, Finn…From Derry." The name of his old friend and the town he had grown up in made him remember…

"Swear to me," Finn had said when he was eleven, standing by the old sewers, "Swear to me that if IT isn't dead we'll all come back."

Finn came back to the present, "Sorry, David. For a minute, there…" he trailed off.

"You didn't know who I was," David completed, as if he had been expecting that.

"For a minute, there I didn't," Finn confirmed.

David didn't waste any time on pleasantries, *"Finn…IT's back."*

Finn felt a lurch in his stomach, "You're s-s-sure," he stuttered, something he hadn't done since he was a child.

"Yeah," David paused, not wanting to bring it up, but knowing he had to in order to make Finn believe, "*I found a photograph of Joseph"*

"Joe," Finn whispered.

Rachel was still sitting at the dining room table, waiting for Finn to finish his phone call. When he stepped back in, there was something in his eyes that immediately made her worried.

"What is it?" she asked, concerned, "Who was on the phone?"

"Nobody," Finn didn't elaborate, he simply turned and went to leave the dining room.

"Finn," Rachel said, stopping him. She was concerned. Finn looked genuinely scared, but he wasn't going to tell her how to help him.

"I have to go back to work," and with that, Finn locked himself back in his study, ignoring the sound of Rachel calling after him. When he was alone again, he leaned up against the door, "I forgot," he said to himself, "How could I forget?" he allowed himself to remember what had happened 30 years ago.

Derry, Maine 1960

"Please Finn," Finn's little brother, Joe, begged, "tell me a story."

Finn, who was lying sick in bed, stuttered, "M-maybe later."

"Please Finn, the magic stone story. Please Finn, pleeease," Joe continued to beg.

"B-bug somebody else, you little cootie I don't feel so hot," Finn felt guilty when Joe's face fell, and so he called him back when he began to leave his brother's room, "J-J-Joe!"

When the younger boy turned back to Finn, the older brother pulled a small boat made out of newspaper from his nightstand and held it out to Joe.

"For me?" the young boy asked happily, thrilled when his big brother nodded, "You made it for me? Can I go sail it?" he asked eagerly.

"W-we have to s-s-seal it f-first with p-p-paraffin."

"What's that?" Joe asked, excited, "Where is it?"

"I-in the cellar," Finn said, suppressing a smirk when Joe's brown eyes widened and he gulped. Like most kids his age, Joe was scared of what might live in the cellar. But he wanted to sail his boat, and so the seven-year-old gathered his courage and bravely descended the stairs to the cellar. If he raced down the stairs and up again as fast as he could, nobody needed to know.

By the time Finn had painted a fine layer of paraffin onto the newspaper, Joe was prepared to sail in his raincoat and boots.

"I wish you could come too, Finn. She's really your boat," when Finn didn't respond, Joe leaned up to give his eleven-year-old brother a kiss on the cheek, "Thanks Finn."

"Gross!" Finn yelled, pulling back, "You got your cooties all over me!" he rolled his eyes and handed Joe the dried boat. Before his little brother could leave, Finn called out, "J-J-Joe!" when he gave Finn his attention, the older boy said, "Don't stay out too long, or mom will

have a bird," he warned.

"I won't," Joe promised, turning to leave when his brother's voice stopped him once more.

"A-and Joe, be careful."

Joe looked confused by the added warning, but nodded anyway, "Sure."

Finn watched him leave. Not knowing that that was the last time he was going to talk to his brother.

Joe was running after the boat that was merrily making its way in the gutter. Proudly announcing the journey of the 'S.S. Joe'. His game was ended, however, when the small paper boat disappeared down a drain in the gutter.

"No, no please no!" he cried when his boat started to fall. He was too late to grab the boat and it fell. He knelt at the drain, but when he couldn't see anything, he gave a disheartened shrug and went to go back home when he heard a rough voice coming from the drain.

"Hiya, Joey," the trusting seven-year-old looked down into the drain and saw a clown holding a yellow balloon. The clown gave a friendly smile and continued, "Aren't you gonna say, 'hello'?" he asked. Joe shook his head, "Aww come on, bucko…don't you want a balloon?" he asked offering the yellow balloon.

Joe went to take it, but stopped himself, "I'm not supposed to take stuff from strangers. My dad said so."

The clown nodded, "Very wise of your dad, Joey, very wise indeed. I, Joey, am Pennywise, the dancing clown. And you," he said motioning at Joe, "Are Joe. So now we know each other. Correct," Pennywise finished with a laugh.

Joe smiled at the clown's logic, "I guess so. I gotta go," he started to get up when the clown's voice stopped him, once more.

"Go!? Without this?" he asked, holding up the boat.

"My boat!" Joe yelled happily.

"Exactly! Go on, kiddo, take it," he said, making no move to hand it to the young boy. But Joe was apprehensive. The clown was making him nervous. Pennywise noticed his reluctance and continued speaking, "You want it, don't you Joey? Oh, of course you do," as the clown continued to talk, Joe noticed colorful lights flashing in the drain, and what sounded like carnival music. The clown went on, "There's lots of cotton candy and rides and games down here. And *balloons* too! All colors."

"Do they float?" Joe asked innocently.

"Oh yes. They float," the clown had lost his smile and his voice had lost its cheer. But Joe didn't notice and he reached his small hand down into the drain to grab his boat, "And when you're down here with me…you'll float too!" he yelled, pulling the boat away, and grabbing onto Joe's wrist with powerful force, drawing a scream from the young boy as his arm was roughly pulled towards a mouth full of sharp, yellow fangs.

Joe's funeral was one week later. A neighbor had heard the boy screaming and came out to find him in the gutter, missing his right arm.

Joseph Hudson had bled to death.

The day after the funeral, Finn went into Joe's room. He found Joe's scrapbook and opened it, fully expecting the pain that shot through him at the pictures of his brother. He flipped through the pages, past pictures of Joe and his friends, their parents, and a painful one of a four-year-old Finn holding his new baby brother.

Halfway through the scrapbook, he came across Joe's most recent school photo, "Joe," he said softly, trying not to cry. He was about to turn the page when one of the photographed eyes winked.

Finn screamed and threw the book, causing it to land closed in the far corner of the room. He watched with shock as the scrapbook flew open. Pages flipping back to the picture of Joe. As he looked on, blood began to spill over the picture before the book slammed itself

shut. Finn screamed, drawing the attention of his parents, Carole, and Christopher, and causing them to run into the room.

"Finn! Are you all right!?" his mother asked.

"The p-p-picture. Joe's p-picture," he stuttered out. His mother turned to see the scrapbook lying on the floor. Finn waited for her to scream, but she only walked over and picked it up. Going back to the bookcase to put it away, "Mom… don't you see?" Finn asked, confused. She didn't respond, just stared at the book, "Mom—" he tried again, but was cut off when his dad roughly grabbed ahold of his shoulders.

"What were you doing in Joe's room?" his father demanded.

"Nothing," Finn said, distracted, "Dad, listen!" but he was cut off again.

"I don't want you ever coming in here again, son. Do you understand?" his father's voice was cold.

"But, dad," Finn said weakly, unsure if what he saw was real and why his parents couldn't see it if it was.

"I mean it, Finn," Christopher said in that same cold voice. Finn nodded, looking over at his mother once more. She gently caressed the book, before running out of the room, oblivious to the blood on her hands. With one last look at Finn, his father was running out of the room after her. Leaving Finn in shock as he stared at the puddle of blood that was still on the floor.

Hampstead Heath, England 1990

"Leave?" she said, shocked, "Have you lost your mind? We're in the middle of making a movie."

Finn had told Rachel that he was going to Maine right away, and while she tried to make sense of what he was doing, he was packing a duffle bag and reserving a flight.

"They can replace me," he said, walking over to the front door, "This

is something I have to do."

Rachel watched him, thinking over the evening, and wondering what had happened, "Who was that on the phone?" she asked, stopping him as he reached for the doorknob. He turned back to her before replying.

"A man named David Sullivan. I haven't heard from him in almost thirty years, not since we were kids. Rachel…my brother who died…"

"Yes, Joe," she said, trying to figure out what that had to do with anything.

"He didn't just die…he was m- " Finn was cut off by his own voice as he tried to stutter out the word, "m-m-murdered."

Rachel gasped, covering her mouth with one small hand before stepping closer to Finn, "Why didn't you ever— "

"Tell you?" Finn interrupted, "Because I forgot. Because I *forgot*, almost as if it never happened. I know this doesn't make any sense, but I have to go."

"For God's sake, why?" Rachel asked desperately.

"Because we made a p-promise."

"Why are you stuttering like that?" Rachel asked.

"I don't know!" Finn said, frustrated, "I used to stutter when I was a kid."

"What happened? Tell me," Finn said nothing, "Damn it, Finn! Talk to me! Let me help," Finn was still silent. Rachel tried a different approach, "If you're going back, I'm going too."

The words were barely out of her mouth when Finn grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her close, "Don't even think that," he said, panicked.

"Why not! You're scaring— "

"Just promise me you'll stay here! Promise me!" Finn said, shaking her.

"You're crazy! This is crazy!" Rachel said, a little frightened as Finn tried to speak, but was held back by his stutter. Finn gave up and pulled Rachel into a tight hug.

"I love you," he whispered softly. And with that, he left the house.

Back in Derry, David was searching for the next name on his list. *Blaine Anderson.*

3. Blaine Anderson

Author's Note: Just so there is no confusion, when it is 1960, they are all eleven. In 1990, they are 41

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

New York City, 1990

A white limousine pulled up outside of a brownstone. The door opened, and as the drunk man stumbled out, the award for Best Original Score he had balanced haphazardly in his lap fell onto the pavement, separating the award from the stand.

The man's companion leaned over at the clatter and saw the remains on the ground, "Oh no, Blaine. Your Tony award," he said sympathetically, "and you just received it, it's a tragedy."

Blaine snickered, "Yeah, we got ourselves a real tragedy here," he says as he stumbled out of the limo, "This here, is an American tragedy." He picked up the remains and pulls his giggling companion into the brownstone. Blaine led the man he had picked up at the Tony's through his extravagant foyer.

"Is all this yours?" The man, Sebastian, Blaine thinks his name was, asked in awe.

"Yup," Blaine says, before leaving Sebastian in search of glue. He stops at his desk, and stares at the copy of Time Magazine that proudly displayed his face. He scoffs at it, before abandoning the Tony and going back to Sebastian.

"Come here, sexy," he beckoned.

Sebastian gave a sultry grin and walked towards Blaine. Blaine grabs Sebastian's outstretched hand and pulls him into his bedroom. He let a seductive smirk take over his face as he spun the green-eyed man around before pulling him close and running his hands up and down the slender body before him, "Oh, I love your body," Blaine said,

before letting his hands rest on the other man's hips.

"I like yours, too," Sebastian laughed.

"Would you believe that I used to be fat?"

"I bet you were real cute," he said with a flirty giggle.

"No, not just fat. I was a regular butterball, you bet your fern I was. We used to say that as kids, you bet your fern, but I was F-A-T," Blaine spelled, before pulling Sebastian in for a kiss.

As luck would have it, that was when Blaine's telephone rang. Blaine pulled away with a laugh, "I hear bells," He went to answer the phone, "Hello."

"Haystack," said the voice on the other line, "It's me, David." Blaine shook his head, trying to deny the memories that were starting to resurface. He hadn't heard that voice, or the nickname, for so long that he had forgotten they had existed. "Blaine?" David said after a few seconds of silence, "Blaine are you there?"

"David?" Blaine asked, praying he was wrong.

"Yeah, buddy…listen. It's, It's come back."

Blaine froze. He knew this day would come. Even though he didn't remember much of anything. There was always an inexplicable feeling of dread that he had never understood. Now he knew.

"How much do you remember?" David asked. When he received no response, he asked again, "How much do you remember?"

"…Very little…almost…nothing."

"Will you come?"

Blaine was terrified. He wanted to say no. To tell David to lose his number and never call again. But he remembered his promise. Even if he didn't remember anything else about that year, he remembered the promise.

"I'll come."

Blaine hung up the phone. He ignored Sebastian when he tried to pull him back into his arms and went straight to his decanter of whiskey.

"Are you okay?" Sebastian asked, mostly concerned, but really trying to find out if they would still be hooking up.

Blaine gave a humorless chuckle, "I don't think I am, sweetheart. Not tonight. Not at all," he said, before tossing back a shot.

Sebastian scoffed, upset at the unexpected turn the evening was taking, "You're going to kill yourself with how much you drink."

"No I don't think so. But it might be better if I did," he said, before turning back to the drink in his hand. Sebastian gave a disgusted huff and left.

Blaine walked up to the roof of his brownstone. He stumbled over to the edge, the alcohol he had taken throughout the evening showing in his stride. Blaine sat on the edge of the roof, looked over the lights of the city, and remembered.

Derry, Maine 1960

Blaine stood awkwardly at the front of the classroom, nervously chewing on his thumb, "My name is Blaine Anderson. Until last week I lived with my mom in Houston, Texas. We moved here to live with my cousins."

"Look at that gut!" a voice shouted from the back of the room, causing Blaine to put his hands in front of his, admittedly large, stomach self-consciously.

The teacher, Mr. Schuester, rolled his eyes at the remark, but had long since given up trying to discipline the boy, "Go on Blaine," he said encouragingly, "Do you have any hobbies?"

Blaine thought for a second, "Well, I like to read a lot. Especially about old civilizations. Indians."

"We have a wonderful library, here Blaine. Welcome to Derry," Mr. Schuester said.

"Thank you, sir," Blaine said politely, ignoring the 'oink, oink,' coming from the same rude boy as before. He walked over to his seat, shyly returning a smile from a beautiful boy in a seat near his. He had to force himself to stop staring.

"What a porker," the bully said, annoyed at being ignored.

Mr. Schuester rolled his eyes, "Dave Karofsky, you will stay for one hour after school every day this week."

"My father will tan my hide!" he protested.

"You should have thought of that before you picked on Blaine. Now report to the principal's office."

As Karofsky passed Blaine's desk, he glared down at him and threatened, "You're dead, fat boy."

"Boy," Blaine turned around and met the eyes of the nerdy boy in the seat behind his, "it's gonna be some funeral friend."

Mr. Schue ignored these comments and carried on with class, "Now class, as you know the sheriff has instigated a seven-p.m. curfew. We live in dangerous times, boys and girls. I want you to be careful." The bell rang, signaling the end of the day.

As Blaine was leaving school grounds, he gave a cursory look around to make sure that the intimidating figures of the bully and his two friends. He had just allowed himself to relax when a sudden voice nearly made him jump out of his skin.

"Like this place so well, you're going to stand there all day?" the voice teased. Blaine jumped and turned to see the beautiful boy who smiled at him. "School's over, you know."

Blaine didn't have a chance to respond when two girls, a Latina and a blonde, pushed between them, "Excuse us please, can we get through?" The Latina asked, a little harshly, "Honestly, Brit, some people have no class."

The blonde giggled absently, "Some people have mechanics for parents," she said, looking back at the boys.

Blaine looked back to the other boy and saw him blushing in embarrassment and looking down at his feet. Before Blaine could even try to make him feel better, he had looked up again, and blue eyes met hazel, "Well, so long Blaine Anderson. I'm Kurt Hummel," the boy, Kurt, said with a kind smile before walking away.

Blaine smiled to himself, "Wellp, see you tomorrow, Kurt Hummel," Blaine started the walk back to his cousin's house, not trying to hide the slight skip in his step as he kept repeating, "Kurt Hummel," softly. Loving the sound of the name and wanting to savor it. He was halfway across a street when he was snapped out of his daydream by the sight of Karofsky's friends, Rick the Stick Nelson, was one, and Blaine couldn't be sure, but he thought the other one went by the nickname Belch.

"Hey look," Rick said with a threatening laugh when he saw Blaine stop dead, "it's the fat boy."

"Top of the day, fat boy," Belch said teasingly.

Blaine moved to go in the other direction, but was stopped by Karofsky himself, who pulled him the rest of the way across the street and where Rick and Belch grabbed ahold of his arms. Rick forcing Blaine to look up at Karofsky with a painful hand pulling his hair.

"What do you want," Blaine said, trying to sound brave.

"I want to teach you something, Porky. You like to learn new things, don't you?"

The hand in his hair forced him to nod, the henchmen laughing as their leader pulled out his switchblade, "I want to make sure you remember my name," he said, holding his blade in front of Blaine's eyes.

"I'll remember, Dave, I'll remember," Blaine said frantically.

Karofsky smirked, "How am I gonna be sure?" he asked before flipping open the blade and lifting Blaine's sweatshirt.

"Hey Karofsky," Rick said, nervously. Teasing and scaring was one thing, but using the knife on someone was a line the other two didn't want to cross.

"Come on, don't really cut him," Belch said nervously. Neither boy noticed they were loosening their holds on the smaller one in the middle.

"Cut him, huh? Let's see," He leaned back and pressed the blade against Blaine's ample stomach. Blaine didn't hesitate to kick him between the legs. The pain stopping Karofsky, as the force of the kick sent Blaine falling backward through the fence and tumbling down the hill the fence was blocking and rolling into the woods.

"You're gonna die!" Karofsky screamed, "You're dead! I'm gonna bury you!" Blaine got up and ran as fast as his pudgy legs would let him, Karofsky's threats following him as the three bully's started after him. Blaine looked around the woods for a place to hide when he spotted a large drain pipe that opened into a stream. The yells were getting closer, so he hurried into the pipe, and prayed they wouldn't be smart enough to look inside of it.

Blaine panicked when the three boys stopped, but it appeared they found something they found more entertaining.

"Hey, what's this?" Karofsky snickered.

"It looks like a geek wading pool."

Blaine watched the bully's walk out of his line of sight, but he could hear them talking to two boys he had seen out of the corner of his eye when he was going to his hiding place.

"What are you girls doing down here?" Karofsky asked.

Rick laughed, "It's a dam. A stupid little baby dam."

The three boys were laughing and Blaine could hear splashing, and could only assume that they were destroying the other boy's dam. A theory that was confirmed when one of the boys said, in a strong Irish accent, "You didn't have to do that! Why did you do that?"

"Because I felt like it," Karofsky said, "Give me that."

"That's for my asthma," Blaine heard the Irish boy object, and could only assume they had taken his inhaler. There was a thud and then some labored breathing.

"Shut up, you creep." The heavy breathing intensified, "I said, stop it. Or I'll pull your ears down and tie them under your chin. Did you see a fat kid run by here?" there was a moment of silence. "You sure about that. You'd better be sure! Let's go."

"Ta, ta, girls," and with a truly revolting belch, the bully's left. Blaine climbed out of the drainpipe and made his way over to the boys. The smaller one was trying to use his inhaler with little effect. "Oh no," the Irish boy, "It's empty," he said, starting to sound a little panicked. The other boy looked up at Blaine as he approached.

"Can you stay here with my friend while I go get his medicine?"

"Yeah," and with that, the other boy ran off, clutching his friend's inhaler. Blaine sat down next to the small boy, "Take it easy kid, you'll be okay."

"Oh yeah," the boy said between breaths," what are we gonna do, if they, come back?"

Blaine didn't know, so he did the only thing he could do when he was nervous. He grabbed a bag of candy from his sweatshirt pocket and started to eat, "Want some?" he offered, but the boy refused. Blaine shrugged and went back to eating.

The boy's breathing started to calm down about five minutes later, and so they started to talk.

"My dad died of the 'big C'," the boy, whose name was Rory, said.

"The 'big C'?" Blaine asked, confused.

"Cancer." Rory clarified. "It's why my parents and I moved here from Ireland. We were hoping he would be able to get treatments, but nothing worked, and he died. He's buried here, so mom bought a house and we never left. I was just a little kid."

"My dad died, too. He was shot down in Korea," Blaine said sadly.

"Do you remember him much?" Rory asked.

"Sort of…I think," Blaine changed the subject, "So, who's the other guy?"

"Finn? Finn's my best friend. He's a really great guy," Rory said with a smile. He was about to go on when they heard a shout.

"Hey!" the turned around to see Finn riding a nice silver bike across the bridge over the stream, "I'm b-b-back!" he called with a smile on his face.

"Does he always stutter that much?" Blaine asked.

"It's worse since his kid brother died. A guy killed Joe. Pulled one of his arms clean off just like a wing on a fly," Rory said.

"Wow, that's awful," Blaine said, both sympathetic and a little awkwardly.

"I just told you, because if you want Finn to be your friend, it's better not to talk to him about Joe. He's all messed up about it."

"I would be, too."

"W-w-w-would be, too what?" Finn asked as he came up to them.

"Aw nothing," Rory said, grabbing his inhaler from Finn and taking a couple of puffs, "Thanks."

Finn smiled and gave a nod of acknowledgment before turning to Blaine, "Thanks for staying."

"He's really got it bad, I was afraid he was going to slip into a coma," Blaine said, motioning to Rory, who was counting his breaths.

Finn snickered, "M-me t-too. You're B-B-Blaine, right?"

"Yeah, and you're Finn."

"Yeah, and this is R-R-Ro—,"

"Rory," Rory cut Finn off, "He knows. I hate it when you stutter my name, Finn, you sound like Elmer Fudd."

"No, no, Elmer Fudd has a lisp. It's Porky Pig that stutters," Blaine corrected.

"Okay, okay," Rory said with a roll of his eyes. "Why don't you come back tomorrow?"

"Y-yeah!" Finn said excitedly, "M-me and Rory, we're trying to make a d-d-dam."

"Well you've gotta get some boards," Blaine said, "You need to get some boards, have em' face each other, like the bread of a sandwich. And then—" He was cut off by Finn.

"W-we," he said adamantly.

"Huh?" Blaine asked, confused.

"W-we do it."

And for the first time, Blaine was happy that they had moved as he tossed rocks into the creek with his new friends.

The next day, Blaine was lounging on the small bed he had in his aunt's house, writing a note when his annoying cousin Cooper, came into the room.

"Whatcha doin' cuz?" Blaine jumped.

"It's just something for school," he stammered.

"Well, let's see," Cooper said, swiping the letter, "Ooh, a poem." He said in a sing-song voice.

"It's private," Blaine spat through gritted teeth. Cooper ignored him, however, and started to read the poem, over acting, and pointing for no reason.

"'Your hair is winter fire. January embers.' Hey mom, look at this!

Blaine's in love." Blaine grabbed Cooper and pulled him down. He punched him twice in the side before Cooper's mom came into the room and pulled them apart.

"Stop it!" she shouted. "Blaine Anderson! Stop that immediately you young ruffian!"

"I hate you!" Cooper screamed in his face, "You're only here because mom says it's our Christian duty!" he yelled before storming out of the room. Blaine's aunt blushed and her face became pinched, before she, too, left the room.

Blaine was sitting on the front porch, trying to calm himself down, when he heard his aunt talking to his mother.

"No one is ever going to say a sister of mine is on welfare, so you're welcome here as long as you need. But I have to say you spoil the boy Pamela! He needs a firm hand. Discipline."

Blaine's mom came out onto the porch and sat beside him. "We'll have a home of our own one day, sweetie. I promise."

"I know, mama," he said.

"Blaine. As long as we're guests in this house I need you to help me."

"They wouldn't treat us like this if daddy were still alive," Blaine said, angrily.

His mom sighed, "Come inside now and apologize."

"Apologize?" Blaine said incredulously, "But he—"

His mom cut him off, "Blaine, you must!"

"No!" Blaine shouted, standing up and jumping over the porch railing, "I hate it here! I hate it here!" he grabbed his bicycle from the lawn and raced off, ignoring his mom's calls.

He ended up at the creek, where just yesterday, he had had a great time and made new friends. He was throwing rocks into the creek when he heard his name. He stopped and listened when he heard it

again. Only this time, he recognized the voice.

"Daddy?" he followed the voice over to a dirty lake and a lonely decrepit building.

"Hi Blaine!" His father called. He was in his dress uniform and-Blaine could swear that he was standing on the water.

"Daddy?" Blaine questioned, trying to make sense of what he was seeing.

"This is my home now, son!" he said, motioning to the building behind him. Blaine jumped when his father somehow carried balloons. And the polished buttons on his uniform changed to orange puff balls. "Do you want a balloon, Blaine?" he asked, but his voice was changing. It was his father's voice with a roughness behind it that had never been there before. "They float! They all float. Come here, son. You'll like it down there! You'll never have to grow up!" The voice was not his father's anymore, and as Blaine watched, more of his father changed until all that was left was a clown.

The clown gave a wave, before disappearing with a laugh.

Blaine shook his head, trying to convince himself that it was just a very vivid hallucination brought on by too much candy and wishing for his father. That idea was shot to hell, when Blaine felt something try to grab his shoe.

He jumped back and watched as a moss covered skeleton slowly pulled itself from the lake. The voice of that clown filling the air, "They all float. And when you're down here with me, you'll float too, fat boy!"

New York City, 1990

Blaine looked over the city he loved. The harsh laughs of the clown running through his memory. He allows himself one final drink, before he drops the bottle and goes to pack.

Derry, Maine 1990

David let a smile take over his face as he went to dial the next number on the list: *Kurt Hummel*.

4. Kurt Hummel

Author's Note: Warning for mentions and descriptions of; child abuse, what could possibly be child neglect and domestic abuse, physical and what I suppose could count as emotional and mental. Also, warning for abusive, bad-dad Burt Hummel. I love Burt, but he is not nice in this story. And just so you all know, Gunga Din is a character in a 1939 adventure film by the same name that takes place in 19th century India. It has no relevance, but it is mentioned.

Disclaimer: I do not own Glee or It

Chicago, Illinois 1990

Kurt was waiting anxiously in his office when his personal assistant, Jeff, knocked on the door and poked his head in.

"Kurt, there's someone calling from Maine. Says it's important."

"Maine," Kurt said happily, but before he could say anything else, his boyfriend and partner, Adam, interrupted.

"Jeff, I said no calls until-"

"We've got a minute, I'll take it," Kurt interrupted.

"No," Adam said, adamantly before turning back to Jeff, "Get their number and close the door."

Kurt narrowed his eyes at Adam, but nodded for Chandler to do as he said. Adam turned back to Kurt, "Your hands are shaking," he said.

Kurt looked down at his hands before giving a breathless chuckle, "I'm scared to death, Adam."

Adam laughed, and went over to the pale man, "That stuff spreads like cancer," he joked, "I won't have it around." Kurt just kept fiddling with his vest, buttoning, and unbuttoning. Adam pulled his hands away and did up all of the buttons, "There, that's perfect. Don't touch

it," he tilted Kurt's head back until he was staring up at him, "Listen to me, Kurtie. There are a bunch of well-heeled Japanese gentlemen waiting for us downstairs. Now, we're gonna show them around; you're going to play the charming, flamboyant designer, we're gonna sit down and make a deal, I'm gonna play hardball and we're gonna be rich. If," his voice lowered, "you get ahold of yourself right now. Understand?"

The designer nodded, a choked affirmation leaving his mouth as he tried to calm his shaking hands.

"Kiss of good luck?" Adam asked, flirtatious. He didn't wait for Kurt to do more than smile before leaning down and pressing his lips to Kurt's in a bruising kiss that left the pale man trying to resist flinching away. Adam pulled away, "Okay, let's go. Oh, and one more thing; don't ever contradict me in front of Jeff again. Okay?" Kurt's eyes widened when he realized what he had inadvertently done. He nodded nervously. The British man smiled and led the way out of the office. Kurt narrowed his eyes at his retreating back and deftly undid the top button on his vest.

The two men made their way down to the sewing room, where Kurt's employees were hard at work bringing his designs to life. They walked far into the room, steadily approaching the group of four unimpressed looking Japanese businessmen that they were going to meet with.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. I'm Kurt Hummel," Kurt introduced himself with a beautiful smile and a strong, confident voice. There was no evidence of the nervous wreck he had been upstairs as he motioned to Adam, "This is my partner, Adam Crawford." The men didn't respond, until Kurt respectfully bowed his head to them. Three of the men looked to the oldest as he sized Kurt up, before bowing his own head in acknowledgment. The others followed suit. Kurt thought to himself, *'Showtime.'*

Kurt and Adam were on top of the world when they reached Kurt's apartment that night. The businessmen had been so impressed by Kurt's designs and awed by his charming personality that when it came time to negotiate, they were more than willing to have Kurt's designs sold in their stores. Adam pushed Kurt against the wall and

gave him another bruising kiss.

"I made something amazing happen for you today, didn't I?" Adam said, smirking.

To be honest, Kurt didn't think that Adam did much, but he was better with negotiating than Kurt was, so he did make sure the deal was fair. Kurt nodded with a smile.

"So, you are going to do something amazing for me, tonight," Adam said, tone final.

Kurt's eyes widened as he took in the implication. Adam had been very patient with him for the time that they were together, but due to the cruel way his father had raised him, he didn't trust anyone to get too close that him. The results of that being a sexually frustrated boyfriend, and ending up a forty-one-year-old virgin. Kurt really didn't want to be that close to Adam yet, but he owed him. And besides, he couldn't handle his punishment if he turned Adam down again. So, he nodded.

Adam smiled, "Go get ready," he said, "I'll get some champagne."

Kurt forced a smile and walked through his apartment to his bedroom. He took a deep breath and began to undo his vest for the final time that day when he was saved by the bell. Literally.

"Hello," he said, answering the phone.

"Kurt, it's David Sullivan."

"Who?" Kurt asked.

"David Sullivan, remember me?"

A large smile split Kurt's face as he remembered his childhood friend, "David Sullivan?" he said in happy disbelief, "Of course I remember, how are you?"

"Fine," David said, before rushing into the reason he called, "Are you sitting down? It's come back Kurt. It's come back. Remember your promise."

Adam walked into Kurt's bedroom, expecting to see him naked and waiting for him. What he got instead, was an open, nearly full suitcase sitting on the bed. He turned towards Kurt's walk-in closet and saw his boyfriend wearing a comfortable travel jumpsuit and blue scarf he had designed, and grabbing a few pairs of shoes.

Kurt didn't wait for Adam to say anything before he started to talk, "I know you're going to think it's crazy. I certainly think it's crazy, but… I've gotta go to Maine," he moved over to his vanity and started grabbing some of his more essential creams and lotions, throwing them into his suitcase. He was trying to be brave in spite of the fact that Adam was just watching him. Not moving, not saying anything. Kurt went on, "I-it's hard to explain, uhm…that was David Sullivan on the phone. Do you remember the call at work today? He's an old, dear friend. I have to— "

Kurt cut off with a pained gasp as Adam slapped him across the face.

"Shut up!" Adam hissed at him, "That's what you have to do. Just shut up! The day I make the deal of a lifetime for you and you want to run off to Maine with some old boyfriend? What do you take me for?" Adam shook his head and turned away. Not looking at Kurt as he clutched his red face and tried to fight back tears, "Oh, boy. I have seen this coming. Oh, yes. You've forgotten your manners, little boy. Contradicting me here, smarting off there! And now this!" he scoffed in disgust and went over to Kurt's wardrobe, pulling out a belt and snapping it tight, "You've forgotten your lessons, Kurtie. It's been too long since last time."

Blue eyes widened at the sight of that belt. He remembered the last lesson. There had been a casting call for male models. Adam had accused him of drooling over all of them and making a fool out of him. He didn't think it had been too long. He had wanted to leave then, but Adam had promised it wouldn't happen again, and he had been very sweet and affectionate after that night. Kurt backed away as Adam approached.

"Put that thing down," he said in a shaking voice, trying to be brave, "I have to get out to O'Hare as fast as I can. There's some trouble, some very bad trouble," he stopped when he felt his vanity at his back, keeping him from going and farther.

Adam didn't listen. He pointed at Kurt, and said, "You put these clothes back,"

"No," Kurt interrupted. Adam ignored him.

"You get into bed, and give me what you owe me."

"No!" Kurt screamed before turning back to the vanity, grabbing a glass bottle of lotion, and chucking it at Adam.

He dodged out of the way of that bottle, and the other ones that Kurt continued to throw and didn't stop, "And maybe you can leave this house in two— "

"NO!"

"days instead of two weeks!"

"Not ever! Ever! Ever! Again!" Adam fell to the ground with a cry as a very think container of cold cream hit him in the middle of the forehead.

Kurt was shocked that he had managed to hurt the man who seemed so powerful and frightening but that didn't stop him from quickly closing his suitcase and heading for the door. But he didn't leave before giving one lase warning, "If you ever come near me again, I will kill you. Do you understand? I will kill you," the promise wasn't shouted, but given in a soft whisper.

Adam knew that Kurt wasn't lying, but that didn't stop him from shouting after him, "Kurt! You need me! Kurt!" Kurt didn't look back as he left the apartment. Even though he was leaving one evil for another, he felt free.

He hailed a cab, "O'Hare please."

"What airline, sir?" the cabdriver asked politely.

Kurt laughed at himself, that thought hadn't even occurred to him, "Oh, I uh, I need to go to Maine."

"Alright, we'll find one that goes to Maine. What's in Maine? Family?"

"Friends," Kurt said, "the best I ever had." He relaxed back in his seat and thought back thirty years.

Derry, Maine 1960

"Daddy, breakfast is ready!" Eleven-year-old Kurt called out after setting the table. He was about to sit when the doorbell buzzed, "I'll get it," he said, walking through the tiny living room to the front door. There was no one at the door when he answered it but there was an envelope on the doorstep with his name on it. He looked around once more, but still didn't see anybody. Shrugging, he closed the door and opened the note.

'Your hair is winter fire. January embers.

My heart burns there, too.'

He blushed, but was startled out of his giddiness by his father's harsh voice.

"Who was that at the door, Kurtie?" Kurt tried to hide the note behind his back but he wasn't quick enough. "What do you got there?"

"Nothing," Kurt said quietly.

Burt gave his son a hard look before holding out his hand, "Let me see that," Kurt looked down at his feet and handed the note to his father, "You been doing something you shouldn't?" he asked after he read the note, "You been fooling around with some boy? Poetry from some boy?" Ever since it had become clear that Kurt didn't like girls, Burt had been positive that his son would become a whore and that it was only a matter of time. He didn't hesitate to tear up the note as Kurt looked on in shock. Burt threw the pieces of paper at Kurt's feet. The young boy immediately going to clean up what was left of the first love poem he had ever received, "I worry about you, Kurtie," his father went on, "Sometimes I worry a lot."

"Daddy, please," Kurt begged. He hadn't asked for the poem, but he was going to be punished because somebody liked him. "I'm so— "

He was cut off with a slap to the face, "Not even twelve and already

running with some boy!" Burt growled, grabbing Kurt harshly by the arm and forcing him to his feet.

"Let me alone! You just let me alone!" Kurt cried out, pulling his sore arm away from his father's grasp and backing away.

"Come here!" Kurt stopped dead in his tracks, "Don't make me come over there and get you, you come to me."

"No!" Kurt said forcefully.

"What did you say!?"

"I said no!" Kurt replied. When his father lunged for him, he made a break for the door, tearing it open and running up the street.

Burt stopped at the porch and screamed after his son, "You get the hell back here Kurtie! Or else I'll whip the skin off you!" Kurt didn't stop. Merely kept running as if his life depended on it, and Burt hit the wall and went back inside.

Kurt finally stopped running a few blocks away from his house outside of a nearby church. He collapsed beside a bush and carefully pressed his hand to his throbbing cheek. He was trying not to cry when a soft voice startled him.

"Hi," Kurt jumped and stiffened, but relaxed when he saw the pudgy boy, Blaine. Blaine went on, concern evident in his voice, "I'm sorry if I scared you. Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Kurt said, turning away. He hoped that Blaine would take the hint and leave, but when it became obvious that he wouldn't Kurt said, "Haven't you got anything better to do other than sneaking up on people?" It was a little more harsh than Kurt had intended, but he wanted to be alone. He felt bad when he saw hurt flash in Blaine's eyes.

"I'm sorry," Blaine said quietly.

Kurt looked away again, "You should be," he said.

Blaine was quiet for a minute and Kurt thought he was finally going

to leave when he started to talk again, "Well I was thinking, it being Saturday and all, that if you didn't have anything better to do… maybe you could come down with me to the barrens."

Kurt looked up, "The barrens?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's a place where my friends and I hang out. We're working on building a dam, and I figured that we could always use an extra set of hands. Unless you were busy?"

"No, no," Kurt said hastily, "I can come."

Blaine held out a hand and Kurt hesitated briefly before grabbing it and allowing the other boy to pull him to his feet.

By the time they got to the barrens, Rory and Finn were already there.

"Kurt, this is Rory and Finn," Blaine introduced. Kurt smiled at Finn. He had had a crush on the taller boy for nearly the entire school year.

"Hi," he said with a blush. Finn didn't like boys like Kurt did, but he did appreciate the attention so he gave the pale boy a friendly smile, "Hi."

"Wait, do you guys already know each other?" Blaine asked, trying not to feel a little jealous. When Kurt's only response was to look away, Blaine sighed and decided not to pursue the matter, "Well, Kurt wants to help. I hope it's okay."

"Y-yeah," Finn stuttered, gaining an appreciative smile from Kurt.

"Hey, what's this?" a voice called out in an over the top British accent, "By George, Martha, it's the River Nile." The four boys turned towards the voice to see the class clown Sam Evans climbing down a hill towards the group with his best friend Noah Puckerman, Puck, trailing behind him in his full boy scout uniform, "And four, count them, four sphinxes."

"S-Sam," Finn greeted with a smile.

"You were expecting maybe, Gunga Din?" Sam said with a pose.

Kurt snickered before leaning over to Blaine, "That's Sam. He can drive you to the bughouse and back, but he's okay."

"I heard that, Lacy," Sam said affectionately, feigning offense before pulling Rory under one arm and giving him a noogie, "How's it going Rory?"

Rory pulled away and glared at Sam, "Don't do that Sam, I hate it when you do that."

Sam rolled his eyes, "Oh you love it." he turned towards Blaine, "Sam Evans is my name," he offered a hand, which Blaine took, only to receive a shock from a prank ring that Sam was wearing. "And doing voices is my game. This is Noah 'call me Puck' Puckerman. Puck's a Jew, which means he's really smart and says 'oy' a lot."

Puck rolled his eyes and motioned towards Sam, "Sam has a high metabolism which makes him hyperactive."

Sam ignored him and continued talking to Blaine, "Haystack," Blaine looked confused by the nick name, "Are you building a dam or something?"

"Yeah," Blaine confirmed.

"You ever build one before?"

"No."

"How do you know it'll work?"

Blaine was starting to look annoyed, "Of course it will, why wouldn't it."

"Yeah, but how do you know?"

"I just know!"

"Yeah, he just knows," Finn interjected before a fight broke out.

"Yeah!" said Kurt.

"Yeah," Rory said, with a firm nod.

Puck looked over at Sam, "Yeah."

Sam shrugged and said with a laugh, "Well, okay." And they went to work on the dam.

It took them nearly two hours, but after Blaine set them all up in teams of two for shoveling mud, lifting the boards and rocks, and gathering more supplies, all their hard work paid off. Under Blaine's direction, they had built a stable dam. The six boys felt proud as they stood in the wading pool they had created.

"Haystack," Sam said, slapping a hand on Blaine's back, "you're a genius."

"We did it!" Blaine shouted, happily. The boys started cheering and splashing each other, simply playing in the water until clouds threatened a storm and they needed to head home.

The boys walked together for as long as possible before someone either reached their street or house until it was just Finn, Blaine, and Kurt. They all had to go their separate ways when they reached the corner where Kurt's tiny home stood.

"I have to go this way," Finn said, pointing up the road. He turned to smile at Kurt, "See you later alligator."

"Not for a while crocodile," Kurt responded with a sweet giggle.

Neither boy noticed Blaine's smile dim. Finn looked at Blaine, "See you Blaine."

"Yeah, see ya Finn." Finn climbed onto his silver bike and rode off with a cry of, "Hi yo Silver! Away!"

Blaine sighed and tried to ignore the way Kurt was staring after Finn, "See you, Kurt."

"See ya," Kurt said, still not paying attention. He was still looking at Finn's swiftly disappearing figure, "My heart burns there, too," he said softly. He hoped it was Finn who had given him that poem.

Kurt didn't notice Blaine's dejected face, or the way he walked away with slumped shoulders.

With a last, wistful sigh, Kurt went inside.

Later that night, while Kurt's father was watching the television with a beer in hand, Kurt was in the bathroom getting ready for bed. He was in front of the mirror, gently rubbing a lotion onto his face when he heard clanging coming from the drain of his sink and what sounded like a little girl's voice.

"Kurt," said the voice. *'Okay,'* thought Kurt, *'that was definitely a voice.'*

"Kurt, please," the voice called, *"Help me."* Kurt nervously leaned forward and looked into the sink's drain, hoping he wouldn't see anything. *"Help me, Kurt!"* the voice was getting louder.

"Hello," Kurt said, voice trembling. He prayed no one would answer, "Is someone there?"

"The clown brought us down here!" the little girl said, *"We all float!"*

"Who are you?" Kurt asked, flinching when multiple voices answered.

"I'm Marley Rose."

"I'm Ryder Lynn. We're all the dead kids."

Kurt was about to run when what looked like a red balloon came up through the drain.

"Come closer, Kurt" Marley's voice beckoned. Kurt was frozen. He couldn't move closer, even if he wanted to, but he also couldn't leave, *"we all want to meet you."*

The balloon popped, releasing an acrid metallic scent as blood filled his sink and splashed nearly every surface of the bathroom, splattering Kurt's white pajamas and face. Kurt let out a scream before running from the room.

"Daddy!" he screamed, running into the living room.

"What in the name of heaven—" Burt said when he saw his terrified son come running into the living room.

"The bathroom daddy, the bathroom!" Kurt cried.

Burt looked towards the bathroom and back at his son, "Is someone peeking in at you, boy?"

"In the sink! In the sink!" Kurt followed as his dad ran to the bathroom.

Kurt watched in shock as his dad leaned in until his face was only a foot away from the blood-soaked sink.

"Well," Burt said, placing a hand on the edge of the sink with no regard for the blood, "what is it you think you saw? Speak up, boy!" Kurt stared down at the sink, fear and confusion making themselves known across his face. When he didn't respond, Burt shook his head, "I worry about you Kurtie, sometimes I worry a lot!" he put a blood covered hand on Kurt's shoulder and said, "Now explain yourself."

"There the-there was a spider!" Kurt stammered, "A big fat spider. It crawled out of the drain. I guess it crawled back down again." Burt leaned closer to the sink, trying to look down the drain.

"Well, these buildings are old," he said, "with drains the size of the Holland Tunnel. There's nothing there now," he looked up at Kurt, who was still staring at the sink. Burt grabbed Kurt by the chin and forced him to look up. Kurt tried not to flinch away at the wet sticky feeling of the blood on his father's hand, "Get to bed," Burt said, before leaving the bathroom.

A sick laugh was bubbling out of the sink. This wasn't like the voices he heard from the kids. This was the rough voice of a grown man. More blood was bubbling out of the drain and the man said in a sickeningly happy voice, "Say 'hello' to your friends, Kurt. You'll die if you try to fight us. You'll die! If you try, you'll die if you try!" Kurt slowly backed away from the sink as that terrible voice said, over and over again, "You'll die if try," he backed up as far as he could before he was stopped by the wall. Lowering himself to the floor and curling into a ball, Kurt couldn't stop the frightened tears.

Chicago, Illinois 1990

Thirty years later and Kurt could still hear that voice as clear as day. *You'll die if you try to fight us.*

'Well,' Kurt thought *'We'll see about that.'*

He closed his eyes and tried to sleep for the rest of the cab ride.

Derry, Maine 1990

David crossed the third name off his list. Three down, three to go. He picked up the phone and went to find the next number, *Rory Flannigan.*

5. Rory Flannigan

Disclaimer: Do I need to keep saying it? I own nothing.

Great Neck, New York 1990

"Rory! Rory" the man in question ignored his mother as he continued to dig threw his medicine cupboard. He pulled his necessary prescriptions out and shoved them into his carry-on bag. *"Rory, where are you?"* the Irish woman called out once more.

"I'm in here, ma!" he absently replied.

Rory's mother came up to the bathroom door just as he fastened his carry-on and went to grab his suitcase. The elderly woman looked on in shock and stuttered out, "Wh-where are you going?" she asked, following him to the stairs. Rory sighed and turned to his mother.

"I have to go away for a while," he said.

"Away?" asked, confused, and hurt, "Where?" When Rory didn't reply she continued, "Rory, this isn't like you. Tell me where you're going. Rory, stop!" she yelled as he walked down the stairs to the front door. Rory stopped in his tracks halfway down the stairs. "You're in trouble…aren't you?" Rory didn't say anything. She slowly walked down the stairs to stand behind him, "Rory, who was on the phone. Answer me!"

Rory turned to look at her and finally spoke when he saw her eyes start to well with tears, "Ma, please…please just, don't cry," before turning away once more.

"Rory, you're scaring me so bad! You've got to tell me where you're going!"

"I've gotta go back to Derry!" Rory finally yelled.

"Derry," Rory's mother said, voice dripping with disdain, "Why would you want to go back to that dirty little town? There's nothing for you there, there never was!" she grabbed Rory's face and forced him to

look at her, "Rory."

Rory pulled her hands away and kissed them, "Please, ma…please," and he left without another word. He threw his bag in the back of one of his town cars, his business partner, Nick, behind the wheel. He sat in the passenger seat and said, "Let's get out of here."

"Geez, Rory, what's going on?"

"Nothing," Rory said curtly.

"You look like you just saw a ghost,"

"Move it!" Rory shouted, uncharacteristic anger behind his voice.

Nick gave him a look, but pulled out of the driveway, leaving Rory's mother standing in the doorway.

Rory pulled out his inhaler and took a puff before speaking, adopting a much more civil tongue, "Nick, I'm sorry to leave you holding the bag like this."

"It's fine, Rory."

"Do we have enough drivers lined up for next week?" He asked. The two men ran a limousine company, and Rory wanted to make sure things would be all right while he was gone.

"We're covered."

"Okay, wonderful. Remember, I want you to do the Pacino job. He likes the Lincoln stretch."

"I *know* Rory. The business is under control," Nick said, a slight laugh in his voice at his worrywart of a friend.

"Great," Rory said absently.

Nick gave him another look, "It's you I'm worried about."

"Hey, I'm fine," the Irish man said, feigning nonchalance.

"Yeah… so where're we going?" Nick asked, deciding to drop the

subject for now.

"Penn Station. The 11:30 to Boston," and with that, the conversation finished. Rory didn't pay attention to any more of Nicks attempts at conversation as his mind slipped back 30 years.

Derry, Maine 1960

Rory was sitting in the balcony of the movie theater with his friends. They were watching the monster movie *"I Was a Teenage Werewolf"* that had come out three years ago. There were tons of shrieks echoing through the theater, Rory was even positive that he had heard Kurt cry out a few times, but he was trying his hardest not to let his own fear of the wolfman show. He looked over at his friends to see how they were taking the movie. Puck looked bored, Kurt, who was sitting between Blaine and Finn, currently had his head buried in Blaine's shoulder. The porky boy seemed to be enjoying that more than the movie. Finn was tossing back popcorn like there was no tomorrow. Sam was sitting there with a big ole smile on his face as he watched the lycanthrope murder the screaming woman on the screen.

Rory went to put his feet up on the ledge but he accidentally kicked the bag of popcorn that he had put there, and it toppled over, raining down onto the people sitting below them. Rory and Sam shared a look before rushing to look over at who the refreshment had fallen on. His heart nearly stopped when he saw that it had landed on Karofsky, Rick, and Belch.

"They saw me!" Rory exclaimed nervously.

"W-w-we'd better go," Finn stuttered out after looking over the edge.

"I'm a dead man," The Irish boy said.

Sam, of course, didn't help anything, "If I were you guys," he shouted down at the three bullies, "I wouldn't pay to see a monster movie! I'd just stay home and look in the mirror!" to make matters worse, the blond boy deliberately poured his coca cola onto the boys, drenching them.

That led the six eleven-year-olds to their current situation. Running for their lives out of the theater and down the street.

"Let's get out of here!" Finn shouted, a tad unnecessarily.

"Yeah, let's go!" Kurt agreed laughing.

They finally stopped running when they got to the bridge above the Barrens. They hiked down into the woods past the dam and Sam, who was no longer able to control himself, started to laugh.

"Oh, did you see those guys," he said with a smile when he was finally able to take a breath.

"Yeah, I saw you make it worse," Rory said, taking a puff of his inhaler.

"Come on, Rory, it was a joke."

"Sometimes you j-joke too much," Finn scolded, but he couldn't hide his amusement.

"Sometimes you've gotta make jokes or else you'll die of boredom," Sam raised his arms above his head and said, "I mean are we men? Or are we mice?"

In perfect unison, they all said, "We're mice!"

"So, let's act like mice." Their laughter was cut off by Rory. Blaine had been walking in front of them when he stopped. He had led them to the old sewer system. It was a frightening looking place surrounded by a moss-covered lake.

"Woah, look," Rory said, a little frightened, "That place scares me green. I think it's haunted," Blaine, who hadn't taken his eyes off the old building, nodded in agreement.

"Honestly, Rory," Puck said, a tad condescendingly, "such things just aren't empirically possible."

Kurt rolled his eyes and said, "In English, ain't no such thing."

Sam smiled at Kurt and adopted a southern accent, "You're a pretty swift guy my little chickadee."

Kurt laughed, "Why, Sam Evans. Was that a compliment? And on our very first date?" He gave Sam a small kiss on the cheek while Sam laughed and pretended to get all flustered. Finn and Puck making 'ooh' noises. Only Kurt and Blaine seemed to like boys, but the others played around with them. They were friends and it was just some harmless fun.

"How come he's so special?" Rory said, mock offended.

"Well it isn't just with him, Rory dear. I love you, too," Kurt said, giving Rory a peck on the cheek as well.

Sam pretended to get jealous and grabbed Kurt's hand, pulling him back to the Barrens. Rory walked over to Blaine, who was still staring out over the lake, looking like he was expecting something to pull him into the water.

"Come on, Blaine," he said, pulling the other boy back to their friends. He wasn't kidding when he said the place scared him and he didn't want to stay there any longer than he had to.

When the boys realized it must have been getting close to dinner time, they left the sanctuary of the forest and began to race. Puck was in the lead until they reached Rory's lawn, where he proceeded to fall onto the grass. Sam and Finn each gave a war cry and jumped over the Jewish boy scout.

They were all laughing as they bade Rory goodbye. They were about to walk off when the little Irish boy turned back to them, "I wish this summer would never end. It's the best summer of my whole life." Kurt smiled and was about to respond when Rory's mother came outside.

"Rory Flannigan!" she yelled, "I was worried sick! I almost called the police," she said coming down the walkway to stand in front of her son.

"Rory was with us Mrs. Flann—" Finn started, hoping to keep Rory

out of trouble, but she interrupted.

"Go away," she said harshly. When the boys didn't move she said, "Go home!"

"Ma," Rory said, embarrassed, "these are my friends."

Kurt realized this was a lost cause and said, "We'll see you tomorrow, Rory."

Rory's mother glared at the pale boy, "Rory has to rest tomorrow." She said before pulling her son into the house.

The boys sighed and walked away. The previously fun atmosphere gone at the awkward farewell.

"I don't want you playing with them anymore," his mother said when they went into the house, "No good will come of it."

"But ma, they're my friends!" he tried to argue.

"You don't need any friends Rory, except for your own mom!" she felt his forehead, "You feel warm."

"I'm fine!"

She didn't listen, "No showers with the other boys after gym this week! I don't want you catching their germs."

On Monday, as Rory was walking out of the boy's locker room, Coach Tanaka stopped him. He blew his whistle at the other boys and shouted, "All right boys, quit that running this is a hallway not a track, come on!" He looked down at Rory, the coach sighed and crossed his arms when he saw the sweat on the boy's forehead, "Did you take a shower, Flannigan?"

"No, sir," Rory said sheepishly.

"Now listen, I'm only going to explain this to you one more time. You take Phys Ed, you sweat, you take a shower. Got it?"

Rory nodded and went back into the locker room. He quickly undressed and grabbed towel. There was something unnerving about the empty shower room. the complete lack of color and the bright lights made you feel uneasy when you were there alone. Rory tried to shake his head free of his paranoid thoughts and put his towel on the rack. He wanted to finish his shower as fast as possible. He turned the water on and began his shower. He was not expecting all of the other showers in the room to turn on as well.

Each shower had turned itself on. Rory quickly grabbed his towel. When he went to leave, he saw something out of the corner of his eye.

The shower he had just been standing under turned itself on to full blast. Each shower was on with as much force as possible, with steaming water pouring out the head. He looked on in shock as each shower head pulled itself from the wall and approached him. He shook his head and hurried over to the door, but four of the heads blocked the way. The water was herding him into the center of the room towards the drain on the floor. Rory screamed when he heard a voice coming from the drain.

"It's okay, Rory!" the voice was gruff. The overly cheerful tone at odds with the harsh, throaty voice. "Hi! I just wanted to say, hello!" He backed away as far as he could when the drain began to unscrew itself. "Hot enough for you up there, is it?"

The drain cover was pushed out by a hand covered in a wet white glove. Another hand came up to join it and braced itself on one side of the drain, "This is a little inconvenient, Rory. Just hold on while I make a few adjustments." Rory quickly ran back to the entrance and ducked under the shower heads blocking it. He slipped on the water and was frozen in shock from where he sat, curling in on himself in the corner just outside. He watched as the hands expanded the drain as easily as if they were pulling back a curtain.

He could feel the burn in his lungs as it became harder and harder to breathe. A clown pulled itself up until his torso was out of the drain, "Here I am, Wheezy," the clown said, bright red lips twisted into a smile that was more of a snarl, exposing disgusting yellow teeth. "Say, you're gonna like it down here," the clown said, resting its head

in the palm of its hand. "Won't do any good to run, girly boy," the clown taunted, before giving a teasing wave, "I'll see you in your dreams. Come back any time! Bring your friends!" Rory covered his mouth and tried to catch his breath as the clown ducked its head. It raised its head with a growl to show that the teeth had changed into revolting, sharp yellow fangs.

Penn Station, 1990

As Rory boarded the train he could still hear the growl that had turned into a mocking laugh when Rory had finally regained the use of his legs. Even as he had forgotten everything else over the past thirty years, he was haunted by that laugh. The growl of a dog would make him freeze.

As the train pulled out of the station, Rory looked out the window and at his friend and business partner. He didn't know if he would ever see him again, but he had made the promise. A tear rolled down his face. He didn't want to go.

Derry, Maine 1990

David couldn't fight the involuntary chuckle as he looked at the next name, *Sam Evans.* He picked up the phone.

6. Sam Evans

Disclaimer: Obligatory I don't own anything message.

Beverly Hills, California 1990

There is a phone ringing backstage. No one can hear it over the headliner, Sam Evans, one of the best comedians in the country.

"So, I say, go ahead, make my day! And the next thing you know, I'm feeling my way to the toilet! I mean, how much power does the electric company have? Remember *Godzilla?* Planes couldn't stop him. The atom bomb couldn't stop him, hell, Nancy Regan couldn't stop him! But put him in front of a high-power line and," he made an overexaggerated pained growling noise and falls to the stage, amid the laughter from the audience, "You guys have been great!" he said with a big smile on his lips before waving and leaving the stage.

Sam runs backstage and sees his manager, Marcus Jones, "Great job out there!" Marcus says happily.

"I don't know, man. I think some of it's getting pretty old. If I'm going to host next week, I need better material," they walked into Sam's dressing room where his family was waiting with champagne. Sam picked up his sister's daughter, Sara, and gave her a big kiss on the cheek, "How is my favorite niece?" before she could answer, Sam put her down and walked over to the ringing telephone, accepting a glass of champagne from his longtime girlfriend and Marcus' sister, Mercedes, "Hello. Yeah this is Sam Evans, who's this? Who?" Sam asked, struggling to hear over the commotion.

"David Sullivan! From Derry, do you remember?"

The large smile on Sam's face fell, "Yeah. Sure, I remember you."

David told Sam about what had been happening and asked if he would come help. Sam reluctantly agreed and left the party, Marcus following after him.

When Sam got back to his mansion, he told Marcus to cancel his upcoming engagements.

"What about subbing for Carson on Monday night? Who's gonna sit behind the desk and be funny?" Marcus asked, trying to talk some sense into him.

"Let Leno do it, I don't care," Sam said, pouring himself a drink.

"Sam, what am I gonna tell them?"

"You tell them whatever you have to tell them!" Sam shouted. "Marcus, I just need a couple of days!"

"A couple of days for what?" Marcus asked, confused, "Meeting with your cub scouts pack at Grover's Corner? Come on, man. What is it? The Mob?"

Sam shook his head and said, quietly, "I don't know what it is."

"Don't insult my intelligence," Marcus said angrily.

"I made a promise," Sam said.

"We've been through a lot together, Sam," Marcus said beseechingly. When Sam didn't respond, he scoffed and left the mansion, slamming the door behind him.

Sam put his drink down and took a calming breath, "You're doing fine, you can handle this." That was when a memory hit him like a ton of bricks. A memory of how that thing tried to hurt him. Sam shook and ran into the bathroom, barely making it to the toilet in time to throw up as the shock of the memory made him sick. He rested his sweaty forehead against the cool porcelain and thought back thirty years.

Derry, Maine 1960

"They felt its breath, hot and horrible against their faces. But at that moment they released the stones, and ran out of the cave. And now they were back home, where nothing could change the way they felt.

They had learned to be strong together. They had defeated the dragon with their magic stones and nothing would ever be the same again." The five boys sat riveted as Finn told the story of the magic stones. Each one focusing on a different part of the Barrens as they lost themselves in the world that Finn created.

"You've gotta write that one down, Finn. That's my favorite," Rory said. Blaine and Puck nodded in agreement.

"It was really excellent," Puck said.

"Beautiful," Kurt agreed adamantly.

"Yeah," Sam said, "Finn's gonna leave this one-horse town and meet Sandra Dee and all the other babes in Hollywood," he predicted. Finn blushed at his friends praise and laughed awkwardly.

"Dream on, Sam," Finn said, standing up and walking over to the wading pool they had made, "I'm not sure I Wanna grow up at all."

"I do!" Rory said, excited, "I wanna be a train conductor and see the world!"

"If your mom will let you cross the street," Sam snarked playfully, before telling his own dream, "I want to be the first rock n' roll singer from Derry. Either that or an impressionist."

"Your voices all sound the same, Sam," Puck said.

"Thanks a bunch professor. How about you, Kurt?"

"A painter maybe. My dad has been teaching me how to draw."

Blaine cut in, "A fighter pilot. When I'm old enough I'm gonna join the air force."

"An ornithologist," Puck said, "I like cataloguing thins and finding their logical order."

"Can I tell you guys something?" Finn asked, his voice distant. When they stayed quiet, he went on, "I-if you guys laugh, I'll neve—"

"No," Rory interrupted, "No we won't laugh." The others made affirmative noises.

"The other night…in Joe's room—"

"What on Earth! Oh, for the love of Sue!" They turned to look up at the person who had interrupted them. It was the police chief, Sue Sylvester. She was a formidable and downright frightening woman and so the boys all stood at attention as she walked down the hill towards them. "Look at this mess! Sloppy, sloppy babies!"

"O-o-officer Sylvester!" Finn stuttered out nervously.

"Don't Officer Sylvester me Porky Pig! You're fixing to back flood all the drains in town! Whose brainstorm was this?" She asked angrily.

"I showed them how," Blaine said, "it's my fault."

"It was my idea," Finn said.

"Me too," Rory added.

"I was in on it, too," Sam said.

"And me," Puck said.

Officer Sylvester looked over at Kurt, who had remained silent, "I suppose it was your idea, too, Porcelain?"

"Yes," he said, quietly.

"Now listen to me," Sue began, "there's been another murder. Unique Adams."

"Unique Adams?" Kurt exclaimed in shock.

Sue nodded, "She was found this morning down by the canal. If you come down here to play, come together like you are now. Do you understand?"

They nodded, but she stressed, "That means *together* all the time." She held out her hand, "Your hands on it," which to her could mean,

promise me, or I will take your hands if you break this promise. Nevertheless, the boys all put their hands on top of hers in a silent vow. The would protect each other.

The next day at school, Puck and Sam had just grabbed their lunches and were heading over to sit with their friends when Puck turned to Sam, "So what do you think Finn was going to tell us yesterday?"

"I don't know," Sam said, slowing down, and looking over to where their friends were sitting, "He's been acting awful moody lately…in fact they all have." The other four boys were abnormally quiet as they looked down at their food, each one lost in thought. Sam shrugged it off, "Of course with this food, who can blame them?"

Puck smirked and they started walking again when they were grabbed by Rick and Belch and pulled over to where Karofsky was standing.

"Oh hey," Sam said nervously, "Larry, Curly and Moe."

"Beep beep, Sam," Puck said seriously. Their way of telling Sam to cool it with the jokes.

"Alright twerp," Karofsky said, pointing a threatening finger in the blonde's face, "who threw it, huh? Was it you? It was you, wasn't it? Tell me, and you might live through this fish lips." When Sam didn't respond, Karofsky shouted, "The Paramount Theater, who did it!" When he still didn't respond, Karofsky looked down at Sam's lunch tray. He stuck his finger into Sam's mashed potatoes and smeared them on Sam's face. Sam stayed still for a few seconds before shoving his tray into the big bully's chest, effectively dumping his lunch on him, and running the other way. The three bigger boys gave chase, but slipped on some spilled potatoes and went down, knocking over a garbage can on the way.

The cafeteria burst into laughter that stopped as suddenly as it began when the bullies stood up, furious.

"Hey, way to go, banana heels," Sam taunted. Karofsky lunged and Sam turned to run again. Instead of escape, he ran right into

Principal Figgins, upending his lunch tray onto his suit. Sam stopped short and immediately began to apologize, but Figgins didn't let him.

"Go downstairs and get a mop from Mr. Ryerson and clean this up!" He shouted angrily.

Sam rolled his eyes and went down to the janitor's office, whistling a jaunty tune on his way. He knocked on the door, "Mr. Ryerson?" there was no response, he knocked again, "Mr. Ryerson?" he called again, a little annoyed. Still nothing, "Great, just great," he muttered to himself, walking away from the door, "Yoo hoo, Mr. Ryerson! Are you down here?" he walked towards the boiler room, "Probably drunk as a skunk," he muttered. He went into the boiler room, a large dark room that doubled as a storage space. There was something extremely unnerving about the place. He heard a thud behind the boiler, "Mr. Ryerson?" he called out. Shaking his head at himself for being afraid of nothing, he walked over to the boiler. "M-mr. Ryerson?" he stuttered out, a figure came out from behind a row of shelves, still hidden in the darkness, "I had a little accident in the cafeteria," he began, only to cut himself off when the figure came into the dim light. He was wearing jeans and a tattered letterman's jacket. His hands were covered in a thick layer of matted fur, ending in sharp claws. His face had the same covering as his hands, a disgusting growl making itself known from behind grotesque yellow fangs.

This was definitely not Mr. Ryerson.

"No," Sam said, trying to convince himself that this wasn't real, "This isn't happening," real or not, when the werewolf stalked up to him, he didn't hesitate to run off, but he was delayed by a strong arm on his shoulder, "Help!" he screamed, not really expecting any when, for some reason, the hand let go. Sam ran to the door of the boiler room before looking back. In the werewolf's place was a clown. The clown laughed at him.

"Beep beep, Sam" he said with a sickening smile, "Come back anytime. I'll show you how to float down here. They all float down here!" the clown smiled, revealing the same fangs as the werewolf. Sam ran.

"Help!" he shouted, running back into the cafeteria, "You gotta help me! Somebody, please! In the basement, there's a werewolf!" all of the other kids just laughed, certain that he was playing a joke on them. Puck shook his head and went back to his lunch, while Kurt, Finn, Blaine, and Rory all shared a look. They were the only ones not laughing.

Beverly Hills, California 1990

Sam was still hunched over the toilet, the disbelieving laughter echoing in his head as he relived that terror all over again.

"God help me," he whispered.

7. David Sullivan

Author's Note: Warnings for racial and homophobic slurs and a blink and you'll miss it reference to child abuse.

Disclaimer: nothing is mine.

Derry, Maine 1990

David stood up from his desk and walked over to the refrigerator. He still had one name on his list, but he needed to take a break. He grabbed a small bottle of juice and an aspirin from the cupboard. He sat back down at his desk and looked at the picture that had been with his address book. The seven of them, thirty years ago. There was an old abandoned crane that they six boys had been playing on. He looked at all of them. Puck, taking up so much space, even in his nerdy bow tie and suspenders. Always so proper. Finn, standing above the rest of them. But not as if he were superior, more to look out for them. Sam was sitting next to Puck, striking a funny pose. Porky Blaine, standing just slightly in front of where Kurt was sitting. David remembered how he had always tried to be near him. Tiny Rory was sitting on one of the large tires of the crane. And finally, David. The first black child to be admitted into the school, sitting in front of Puck, a large smile on his face because he had friends for the first time.

David gently taped the picture into his journal and began to write.

I remember the day I took that photo. It was one of the best days of my life. We were lucky that summer. Lucky, we didn't get our fool selves killed. Or maybe there was something more than luck at work? If so, I hope it returns when they do.

He pulled away from his journal and smiled, "The lucky seven," he said to himself.

Derry, Maine 1960

David had joined the school two weeks ago. He was part of an effort to jumpstart integrated schools. He had joined McKinley Elementary School just in time for a history project. He chose to do his on the strange history of Derry, and it was his turn to present.

"I brought this old photo album from home," he began, "My dad was stationed in Derry during World War 2, and he started collecting these old photos that go way back to the olden days."

As was his habit, Karofsky interrupted, "Who'd want a history of this toilet?"

Mr. Schuester rolled his eyes and gave a long-suffering sigh, "Dave Karofsky, how many years will you be in here with me?" Karofsky rolled his eyes and looked down at his desk, "Continue David."

David motioned to the picture he was holding up, "This is the old ironworks. One Sunday, back in 1930, there was an Easter egg hunt here," he turned the page, where the same building was in ruins, "But the ironworks exploded and all these people got killed. This is the Derry Standpipe. It supplied all the water to the town, until a big disaster in 1900," David lowered his book and said, "But maybe the biggest mystery is how 253 settlers disappeared without a trace."

Mr. Schuester stopped him there, "Thank you, David, for that illuminating…if somewhat *morbid* history. Now, who's next?" David took his seat as the next presenter went to the front of the class.

After school, David was walking home, photo album under one arm. As he was going to cross the street, someone pulled the album away from him. He turned around to see Karofsky and his friends flipping through the pages.

David lunged for it, "Give it here!" he shouted, but he was held back by Belch and Rick.

"Or what, boy?" Karofsky said, handing the book to Belch and giving David a shove. "The nigger here, lives down the street from me and my dad, isn't that so?"

"Give it here!" he shouted again, but the album was held out of his

reach. Karofsky grabbed him by the collar and pushed him up against the building.

"He's been giving me and my dad grief for a long, long time! Do you like fireworks, boy?" David looked down in fear as Karofsky pulled a cherry bomb out of his jacket pocket and held his lighter to the fuse, "What do you say to a rocket in your pocket?" Just as he was going to light the fuse, Mr. Goolsby, the owner of the pharmacy across the street, stepped outside and saw them.

"Hey you!" Mr. Goolsby shouted, making the bullies turn away from their task, "Stop that right now!" David took advantage of their distraction to grab his photo album and make a run for it. The bullies chased after him.

Meanwhile, the six other boys were sitting on an old abandoned crane, talking about what had been happening to them. They had chosen the area for the privacy and the fact that it was fenced off.

"I'm just glad I'm not the only one who saw something," Finn said, relieved.

"It wasn't a clown at first. It was a werewolf," Sam said, adamantly.

"I didn't see a werewolf, just a clown," Rory said.

"Don't you see?" Finn interjected, "It was the w-w-werewolf for S-Sam because he saw that d-d-d-dumb m-movie."

"But it was a clown underneath," Sam said, sounding a little confused.

Blaine thought back to his own experience, "Maybe it's some evil being that can read our minds and take the shape of the things we're afraid of."

"And that's what happened to all the kids around here?" Kurt suggested.

Puck scoffed, "Get serious."

David had finally reached the fence surrounding the field the crane

was in. He pushed his camera and photo album under the fence and climbed it as fast as he could, being careful to avoid the barbed wire at the top. He grabbed his stuff and kept running. He needed to find someone to help him.

Sam was confused, "Why didn't anyone say anything?"

"P-personally I thought you guys would think I was nuts," Finn said, matter of fact.

"Me too," Kurt said quietly, "I thought it was just me."

"You're not alone," Blaine said, looking over at him.

Puck, the only one not to see anything so far, said, "Such a thing just isn't empirically possible."

Rory shook his head, "It was real. It was so real."

"Yeah Puck, it almost had my guts for garters," Sam said, seriously.

"It was probably just the influence of the movie," Puck said logically.

Rory perked up, "Couldn't it be just some crazy guy dressed up in a clown suit?" He asked, even though he knew that was impossible after what he'd seen.

"No," Finn said. His voice didn't leave room for disagreements, "It's s-some kind of monster. Right here in Derry." They each looked off, getting lost in thought. They were snapped back to reality by a harsh yell.

"I'm gonna bury you!" came the voice, which caused them all to jump.

"Oh God, Dave Karofsky!" Rory said, panicking.

"We've gotta get out of here," Puck said.

"T-they can't beat up all of us," Finn stammered.

"Rocks!" Blaine said, "Rocks, ammo!"

They all jumped off of the crane and began to build small piles of the large rocks that were left over from the abandoned construction. They were not expecting the first person to come over the hill to be the new student, David. He ran up to them.

"Help me," he begged when he reached them, "Help me, please."

He collapsed to the ground exhausted. The other boys surrounded him, trying to see if he was okay as Karofsky and his gang came up over the hill.

"You're dead!" Karofsky shouted at them, making them all look up in fear. The bullies made their way down the hill, as the six boys went to their piles of ammo. "Well, what do you know?" Karofsky said mockingly, "The fat boy, the Jew and the immigrant sissy. Fish face and patch faggot, too. Nigger, you sure know how to pick them," he looked back at his gang and snickered, "The Loser's Club," he pointed at the boys, "I've got bones to pick with all of you! But I'm willing to let that go for today. Today I want him!" he pointed at David, "So buzz off."

"Why don't you guys get out of here?" Finn shouted down at them, voice strong.

Karofsky scoffed, "Who's gonna make me?" he asked mockingly.

"We are," Blaine said, bravely.

"What'd you say, Chubs?" Karofsky shouted up at him.

"Hey, dig the rats out of your ears, barf breath!" Sam shouted.

"You're through, K-Karofsky, get out!" Finn commanded.

Karofsky looked up at them in disbelief, "You are stuttering freak."

That was the last straw for Finn, and he threw the first rock. It missed, and the bullies laughed. That was until the second rock he threw found its mark on Karofsky's lower thigh, just above the knee. He went down with a yell, "You're gonna get a surprise, you're gonna get such a surprise!" His words had no effect on the defensive boys as Rory started to throw his rocks.

The bullies started to run off as all of the others started to throw their stones to defend their friends. Karofsky went to stand up, tossing a rock of his own on the way. That rock hit Kurt hard in a place that was already bruised from home, and he went down with a cry of pain. Blaine was furious as Kurt fell. He didn't think before running over to Karofsky and tackling him to the ground. Rick tried to pull the portly boy off of his ringleader, but Finn yelled a war cry and ran over with a large rock in hand that he used to knock him off his friend. Blaine was punching Karofsky anywhere he could reach him, before pulling back and giving him one final kick in the ass.

"Come on Dave!" Belch screamed as the two bullies ran off.

Karofsky climbed to his knees, a false smirk on his dirty and bleeding face.

"Get up," Finn ordered.

"What if I don't," the bully asked, bullishly.

"Then the six of us could p-put you in the hospital," he said seriously.

"Seven," David perked up, joining the group.

Karofsky struggled to his feet, and pointed at the group, "I'll kill you all," he vowed. The threat didn't have the effect it normally would on the group after what they had just done to him.

"Get some new material, man," Sam said with a laugh.

Karofsky looked at them all, shocked at what had just happened. He turned away and climbed back up the hill, catching up with his friends and leaving them alone.

The group of seven was still looking at the hill. Partially out of shock over what they had just done, and partially to make sure that they wouldn't come back.

"Thanks," David said, still looking at the hill.

"Anytime," Puck replied, not moving.

"Who are you guys anyway?"

Rory snickered, "We're sort of a club."

"Yeah, the losers club," Kurt said with a smile.

Sam smiled and wrapped an arm around Kurt's shoulders, "Yeah," he agreed.

"You w-w-want in?" Finn invited.

"Yup," David said, no doubt in his voice, "Yeah I do."

"Okay, we're seven now," Blaine said, wrapping an arm around David's shoulders, "The lucky seven."

David smiled and looked down at his camera case, "Hey, wait a second. Let's take a group photo!" he said excitedly.

He set up his camera and set the time while his new friends got in formation. He hurried to join them and the camera snapped the photo. After this, they invited him over to the Barrens. They sat on a log near the recently destructed dam and looked through the rest of David's photo album.

"My dad says there's no way to date this one," he says turning to what looked like a very old flyer for a circus, highlighting a juggling clown called Pennywise, "He says it's probably from the early 1700s, when Derry was a logging town," he was about to turn the page when Finn stopped him.

"What's this? P-P-P-Pennywise the Clown?

"That's him," Sam said, "That's him!"

"200 years ago! He was here then?" Blaine said in shock. Puck rolled his eyes.

"Come on. This is a drawing!" he said adamantly.

"Now look," David said, turning the page to another drawing with the same clown dancing in front of a burning building, "here he is again.

It's the same man!"

"That's not a man," Kurt said, voice trembling.

"I-It…It!" Finn exclaimed. As soon as he said it, the wind picked up, blowing the pages of the album. It looked like someone was rifling through it for the page they wanted, "T-that's what happened back in Joe's room!" Finn said, scared.

The album finally stopped on a simple enough picture. It looked like it was taken some time in the late 1800's or the early 1900's. It was taken up by the top of a lamppost and featured a wagon going down what had to be Derry's main street, decades ago. There were some things in the back of the picture, but they were too far away to make out.

The boys were shocked when they heard what was unmistakably, carnival music. David nearly fainted when the picture came to life. The wagon rolled out of the shot and a man on stilts came in. It was obviously a parade for a carnival. There was a clown backflipping up the street, getting closer to where the camera had been set up.

"Look!" Finn cried when he saw him.

The clown was playing with the crowd when he stopped short, pointed to the camera, and growled. Kurt let out a small shriek and Blaine pulled him into his side. The clown ran up to the lamppost and climbed it. The boys looked in shock as color flooded the black and white photograph and the clown shoved his hideous face into the camera. They all screamed and leaned backwards.

"I'll kill you all!" the thing growled, "Ha! I'll drive you crazy, and then I'll kill you all!" Kurt whimpered and leaned farther into Blaine's side. The clown continued to taunt the children, "I'm every nightmare you've ever had! I am your worst dream come true! I'm everything you ever were afraid of!" with a final growl, he shoved his gloved hand through the picture and made a grab for David. Puck couldn't take it anymore and he surged forward to close the photo album. Throwing it to the ground. It landed open on the same picture, harmless once more.

Puck covered his head with his hands, "No!" he shouted, unable to believe what he had just seen.

"Puck!" Finn yelled, forcing his hands away, "Yes."

"No!"

"Yes!" Blaine shouted.

"No!" Puck refused to believe.

"Yes," came the soft voices of Rory and Kurt.

"You saw it too," Sam said.

"I didn't want to!" Puck said.

"But you did!" Finn yelled, before placing a comforting hand on Puck's shoulder.

Puck sighed and looked back down at the open photo album, "Yes, okay. If that's what you want."

Finn rolled his eyes and stood, muttering, "Yeah, that's what I want, you turkey."

"What are we gonna do?" Rory asked nervously.

"Do?" Puck said incredulously, "What do you mean 'do'? I just want to forget about it!"

"It's not just us," Kurt said, "It's all the other kids, too. Like Unique Adams, she was in my class…Who's gonna be next?"

"K-K-K-Kurt's right, we've gotta do something," Finn said.

"We've gotta tell someone," Blaine said.

"They don't see what we see," Kurt said, knowingly.

"Why?" Rory asked.

"When you grow up, you stop believing," Finn said.

"They'll just laugh their heads off, and throw us in the nuthouse," Sam said.

"It kills kids, damn it!" Blaine yelled angrily.

"We've gotta do something," Kurt said.

Finn sighed and walked a few steps away. He choked on words he couldn't get out before turning away from them, "Help me," he coked out. They all looked over to where he was standing by the river, "You killed my brother, Joe, you bastard!" he shouted, "Let's see you now," he taunted, "Let's see you now. It's scared of us, you know. I can feel that, I-I swear to God I can. I want to kill it," Finn started to cry. Tears of mourning and frustration, but mostly tears of anger. He turned back to his friends, "Help me."

Kurt stood up and walked to his crying friend. He wrapped his arms around him in a hug while the others joined them. They all connected in a circle. Each one making a silent vow to help Finn, and to help themselves.

Derry, Maine 1990

A clap of thunder forced David awake from where he had dozed off on his desk. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and turned to the phone to call Puck when something on the floor caught his eye. There were muddy footprints that hadn't been there before. They were leading from the door to his desk where they disappeared. David slowly turned around. Right behind him, was a yellow balloon.

It popped with a scream while he tried to calm his beating heart. He heard the echo of the clown's terrible laughter as he froze.

Steeling himself, he picked up the phone, and dialed Noah Puckerman's number.

8. Noah Puckerman

Author's Note: Warning for talk of blood, suicide, and character death.

Disclaimer: Yeah, yeah, I don't own anything, now let's get this show on the road.

Atlanta, Georgia 1990

In a mansion, down in the rich part of Georgia, Noah Puckerman, Country Rock singer, is sitting in the living room with his wife Quinn. He's sitting in a chair reading the newspaper and glancing over with a fond smile every now and again while she laughs at the mindless sitcom *Perfect Strangers* playing on TV. She looked up from her sewing and says, "Got a letter from mom, today," Puck looked up, "She's wondering when we were gonna make her a grandma," She said with a flirtatious smile.

Puck smirked and said with a wiggle of his eyebrows, "The woman's uncanny, I was just thinking the same thing myself," Quinn smiled and shook her head at her husband's antics while Puck folded up his newspaper and walked over to her, wrapping her in his arms, "I was, you know," he said softly, giving her a soft kiss. "Does she know I'm a sex maniac and that you prefer *Perfect Strangers*? You want to pay some attention to me?" he joked with a small pout, before giving her a gentle kiss.

He went to deepen the kiss just as the telephone rang. He pulled away with sigh, "Don't move," he said, giving her another peck on the lips. He walked over to the phone and answered, "Puckerman residence. Noah speaking, this better be good.

"Hello, Puck. It's David Sullivan." the voice greeted.

Puck shifted on his feet, "Who did you say?" he asked.

"David Sullivan."

"David Sullivan?" Puck said with a laugh, "Well, I'll be damned."

"Puck…It's come back," David said, tone serious.

Puck froze, "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure," David said, regretfully, *"Do you understand? I am **sure.**"*

"No, I understand," Puck said nervously.

"Look," David said, *"I hope you know how hard it is to call— "*

"I get the picture," Puck cut him off.

"Can you make it Puck? Please."

"No…I can't absolutely promise that, but I'll consider it.

"Don't you remember, Puck? Don't you remember your promise?"

"Yes, David."

"You promised."

"Yes, I remember."

"I hope you come."

"Goodbye."

"Bye, Puck."

"Who was it honey?" Quinn asked when she heard Puck hang up the phone. When he didn't answer, she asked, "Noah?"

"No one," he said in a rush, "No one, really…I think I'll take a bath."

"Now?" Quinn asked, brow furrowed in confusion. Puck ignored her and walked upstairs to the bathroom.

He looked at himself in the mirror as he began to undress, thinking about how much he had changed. He had met Quinn when he went a

little punk in his early 20's and they had married shortly after that. He started performing and fell in love with the stage. Now, he knew for a fact that no matter what he did now, his life would never be the same. He took a deep breath and made his choice.

Derry, Maine 1960

Puck was nervous as they stood by the Barrens. The only thing he could think to do to calm himself down was to recite the boy scout code.

"A scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent."

"Are you okay?" Kurt asked Puck, concerned.

"I think this is crazy," he said before going to stand by Sam. The boys were using a slingshot to shoot rocks at a row of bottles. They were going after It today and they needed to find the best shot. Finn, Sam, and Puck did a terrible job, and David wasn't doing much better.

"One out of ten," Sam said sadly when David finished. He shook his head, "You're worse than I am, kiddo. At this rate, we might as well let that damn clown take us one by one."

Finn rolled his eyes, "Beep beep, Sam. Who's next? Blaine? Kurt?"

Sam nodded sadly, "Yeah, and one of them better be good, Finn, because," he wrapped his arm around Finn's shoulders, "You're in the lead right now with a pathetic three out of ten."

"Sam, please shut up," Finn said, barely managing to keep ahold of his patience.

Sam pulled away and gave him a confused look, "You know, you don't stutter all the time?"

"You can go ahead, Kurt," Blaine offered.

Kurt sighed but accepted the slingshot from David. He replaced the broken bottle and got into position. He took a deep breath before

placing a rock into the sling and pulling back. He released the rock on an exhale, letting it fly forward. It shattered the first bottle. He reloaded and fired, knocking an empty can of its perch. Another botte, shattered. Then another, and another. On and on he shot until all ten were down.

"Ten out of ten," Blaine said with a proud smile as he looked at his friend, "I don't think I need to shoot."

"It's like it's supposed to be Kurt," Sam said in awe. All of the other boys nodded in agreement, smiling at Kurt.

"This is still crazy," Puck needed to point out.

"No, it's not," Finn said.

"I'm with Puck," Kurt said softly, staring in shock at where the bottles were, "So what if I can shoot good? Do you think a handful of stones are going to stop that— "

Finn cut him off, "Show him, Sam."

Sam reached into his pocket and pulled out two large earrings, "My mother's earrings, baby," he said, "Solid silver."

"But that's just stuff in movies," Puck said, frustrated, and scared, "And what good's that gonna do against— "

"They're silver!" Finn shouted, finally losing his patience with Puck, "They can kill It. Believe Puck, we have to believe."

Kurt hesitantly held out his hand and accepted the earrings from Sam.

Thunder rolled above them and they all exchanged a look as rain began to fall. It was time to go.

They had decided to search the old sewers by where Blaine had seen his father. It had used the sewers to scare the children more often than anything else, so they figured it would be a good place to start. They were walking over to the decrepit building on the path that ran next to the mossy lake, and Puck started to say the boy scout oath

again.

"On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country. To help other people at all times, keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally—" he cut himself off as they all stopped, about fifty feet away from the building, "Maybe this isn't such a good idea."

"What are you mumbling about?" Sam asked.

Finn slid his backpack off and knelt down on the damp forest floor, the others followed suit, "Now, listen," he started, "You guys don't have to do this."

David shook his head, "My dad said you have to know when to take a stand."

Kurt smiled at him and looked over at Puck, who was turned back towards the forest, "Lucky seven, Noah," he said. Puck turned back to the group.

"I said I was in."

Sam smiled at him, "Yeah, you think we're gonna let you have all the fun there Finn?"

Finn gave him a grateful smile and looked over at Rory, "Rory?"

Rory nodded nervously and pulled out his inhaler, "I'm with my friends, right?" he took a puff of his inhaler.

"Give me that," Sam said reaching for the inhaler. It couldn't hurt to have a little help catching his breath. Rory handed it to him, and Sam took a puff, "God it tastes like battery acid," he said, handing it off to Blaine, who took a puff before passing it onto David. The inhaler went around the circle until it made its way back to Rory. Rory looked at Puck, the only one who hadn't taken any, and offered it to him. He accepted hesitantly and took a puff. They all shared one final look before standing up and going to the building. It was frightening as they approached, but they knew it was nothing compared to what was inside.

What they didn't see, was Karofsky, Rick and Belch hiding in the bushes outside of the building.

"Where are they going?" Belch asked.

"Down into the sewers, stupid," Rick answered.

"Well, guess what," Karofsky said evilly, "They're not coming back out," and with that, they followed the lucky seven into the building.

The seven friends looked around the empty building for the entrance into the sewers. They came across a frightening hole in the floor that they knew instinctively was the entrance.

"You mean we've gotta go down there?"

"Puck if you don't want to go, n-now's the time to turn back," Finn said. Part of him wanted to turn back, but he would not leave his friends. And besides, as Puck looked back through the frightening building, he decided he would much rather stay with the group.

"Great choice," he scoffed, "Come on, let's go."

They climbed down into the dank hole leading to the sewers. As they abandoned their raincoats and picked up their flashlights, they didn't see the three bullies standing above them, watching. Karofsky pulled his friends back and whispered to them, "We're gonna chase them into the pipes the way we chased that dog down there," he said with a malicious smirk. Belch and Rick smiled. He motioned to Belch, "You are gonna chase them around back to us. Me and Rick are going to catch up to them. You need to hurry, or there'll be nothing left for you."

Belch nodded, and walked off.

Blaine was the first one down the ladder and he looked around the sewer to get an idea of which way to go. As he looked towards the left, he saw a bright orange pom pom on the floor, exactly like the kind that had been on the clown's suit.

"Hardy har," Sam joked with no real humor when he saw it.

"At least we know we're on it's trail," Blaine said.

"Or maybe this is where it wants us to be," David said.

"Rory, which way is Derry?" Finn asked. Rory pointed towards the left. Finn took a deep breath, "Alright, Kurt, you get up front where you can get a clear shot. And you guys, stay together. No straggling."

Belch was walking around to the other side of the sewer to head off the losers when he saw a strange white light. It burst through the gate beneath his feet, knocking him over.

His screams echoed through the sewers.

Puck was at the back of the group. He was walking a little slower than the rest which made him the perfect target. Karofsky wrapped an arm around his waist and covered his hand with his mouth, easily pulling him out of the main sewer and pinning him up against the wall.

"Hi, sis," Karofsky said with a mocking smile, "I guess you're the first," he said as he snapped open his switchblade. Puck's body froze as his eyes widened.

Meanwhile, his friends were ignorant of his disappearance and kept walking until they came upon the center of the sewers. All of the drains in town led to this one area. They knew that It would stay around here for easy access.

Finn looked around at his friends, "Who's missing?" he asked frantically.

"Puck!" Rory shouted.

The boy in question was currently being held by Rick next to a large pipe. Karofsky was in front of him dragging the switchblade up and down his body, tauntingly. He slowly began to pop the buttons off of his over shirt, exposing the plain white tee he wore underneath. He wanted a blank canvas before he started his carving.

"Now, before you die," Karofsky started, "I want you to think about every rock you threw, everything you said. I want you to think about

that before you die!" Rick noticed a strange light coming through the pipe and approaching them quickly.

"Hey Dave," he said, motioning to the pipe. The light reached them and the pipe shattered into a bright light. Karofsky watched in shock as Rick was bent in half and pulled into the pipe. The light came again, faster this time, Puck didn't hesitate to leave the room and go back down the sewers looking for his friends, dodging the lights whenever they came close to him. Karofsky couldn't move. He sat frozen, staring into the lights as his hair turned white.

Puck finally reached the center of the drains.

"It's coming!" he warned.

"Noah!" Kurt cried in relief.

"Hands, quick!" Finn ordered. The seven friends joined hands in a circle in the very center of the room. This way, It would not be able to separate them. They looked on in terror as a thing hidden in a bright white light came up to them. Whatever it was knocked them to the ground, and they all shielded their faces from the light. The thing disappeared.

"Is that it?" Sam asked, hopefully, "Did we do it?"

"Look!" Rory cried, pointing to one of the drains. A thick fog was pouring into the room from every drain. Before it could cut off their vision entirely, Finn called for everyone to join hands once more. The fog filled the room.

"Is everybody here?" Finn asked.

"I'm here," Kurt confirmed, "Noah?"

"Yeah, Sam?"

"Yeah, uh David?"

"Here," David said, "Whose hand is this?"

"Mine," Rory said, "Is that you, Blaine?"

"Yeah," Blaine said softly.

"Okay, whatever happens, hang on!" Finn said, "It's not as strong as It thought It was or It could have killed us just then! We have to resist!"

"Finn!" A soft, young voice called out, "Finn!" Finn's eyes widened and he turned his head.

"Joe?" he said in disbelief. Standing in one of the drains, was a little boy with one arm in a raincoat.

"No Finn!" Kurt shouted, "That's not Joe! Don't break the circle!"

"Kurtie!" a harsh voice shouted. Kurt looked over to where the figure of Joe had been to see the imposing figure of his father, "Kurtie, what do you think you're doing down here with these boys? Now get home!"

"Daddy?" Kurt said in a trembling voice, "Daddy, I'm s— "

"Wake up, hot stuff!" Sam shouted, pulling Kurt's attention away, "That ain't daddy. There ain't nothing there," he felt someone's hot, damp breath on the back of his neck as hands covered in a thick matted fur, came to rest on his shoulders, a growl filled the air. Sam closed his eyes, "I said, I said there ain't nothing there," his voice was strong, and completely serious for the first time in his life. The growling stopped, and the hands and breath disappeared.

Puck felt himself begin to panic. He shut his eyes and began to mutter to himself, "I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country," over and over again.

"Noah," a throaty voice said, right next to Puck's ear, "Noah, boy."

The hand holding Puck's right hand felt different. He raised his arm to see, not Kurt's hand, but a large hand covered in a white glove. The clown growled at him and picked him up, forcing him against the wall while the other six boys looked on in terror.

"Let go!" the clown said, spitting the words out, "Be afraid!"

"Kurt the stones!" Finn yelled. Kurt reached into the pockets of his

raggedy overalls, trying to find the earrings.

"You all taste so much better when you're afraid!" the clown growled at them. Kurt struggled to get one of the stones into the slingshot, but his hands were shaking so much that he dropped them.

"Kurt kill it!" Finn shouted as Kurt ducked beneath the fog to try and grab the earrings.

"Kill?" the clown said with a laugh, "Me? Oh, you are priceless, Brat! I, am eternal, child," the laugh disappeared, the thing now speaking in a terrifying seriousness, "I am the eater of worlds! And of children!" It turned back to Noah, "And you are next!" Kurt stood up, trying to fix the earring into the slingshot. Rory pulled out his inhaler and stalked up to the clown, who was about to take his first bite out of Puck.

"This is battery acid, you slime!" he screamed spraying the medicine in his face. The creature lived on beliefs and fears, and Rory believed in that moment that his inhaler was filled with acid. The clown dropped Puck with a scream, clutching his face. The children were horrified as he pulled his hands away, and took some skin with him. It looked like half of his face had been melted.

Kurt stepped forward, slingshot at the ready. He looked into the grotesque face of the creature that had been after them and he prayed, "Please, God," and took his shot. The earring found its mark in the clown's head. The area caved in and that same light that had attacked them before bursting free.

"Kill it, Kurt!" the boys all shouted as Kurt reloaded the sling. He pulled back, but before he could fire another shot, the creature jumped over them with a yell. It landed in the central drain and its body morphed to sink down into it. Finn refused to let it get away. With a cry, he lunged forward and grabbed its hand. It didn't stop the creature, though, and simply started to pull Finn in after it.

"Help me!" he cried, refusing to let go. The others all grabbed onto either Finn or the hand and pulled with all their might. The glove slid off the hand and they screamed to see what it had been hiding. Instead of a human hand, there was a large misshapen claw, with

three tentacles like pieces reaching out for them. They screamed and fell back. The thing disappeared down the drain.

"Is it dead?" Sam asked, doubtfully.

"I think so," Rory said, hopefully.

"We've got to get out of here!" Puck shouted.

"We have to go after it!" Finn yelled.

"No, it's dead," Rory exclaimed.

"We have to make sure!"

"It sounded like it was dying!" Kurt said

"But what if it didn't?" Finn said angrily.

A last pained moan echoed from the drain and then there was no more. The seven friends shared a look and slowly made their way out of the sewers. The rain had stopped by the time they left the sewers. The sun was shining, and they took that to be a good omen. All of them except for Finn, that is.

"Swear to me," he began, "Swear to me that if It isn't dead, that we'll come back," he put out his hand.

Kurt took a deep breath before putting his small hand on top of Finn's, "I swear," he promised.

"I swear," Blaine whispered, putting his hand on Kurt's.

David looked around the circle at the others, "I swear it," he said, voice strong.

Sam sighed before adding his hand, "Yeah, I swear."

Rory tried to catch his breath before putting his hand in, "I swear too."

Puck was the only one who had not put his hand in. He closed his eyes and gave a jerky nod, "Swear."

The promise was made.

Atlanta, Georgia 1990

Quinn walked up the stairs to the bathroom. Noah had been in there for quite a while, and she wanted to surprise him with his favorite beer…and maybe a little something else.

"Noah," she said, seductively, "I'm coming up stairs to scrub your back. And your chest…and your…" she trailed off as she approached the bathroom door. There was no sound coming from inside. Noah was a noisy bather, so the complete silence was making her apprehensive, "Noah," she knocked, there was no response, "Noah," she nervously opened the door.

Nothing could prepare her for what she saw.

Noah was sitting in the bathtub, body limp in a way that couldn't be comfortable. One of his arms was hanging out of the side of the tub. She dropped the beer when she saw the small puddle of blood dripping from his fingertips. There was a bare razor blade sitting on the edge of the tub.

"No!" she sobbed, trying to deny that her husband was dead. But the proof was there in his lifeless eyes. As she collapsed on her knees, she barely registered what he had written on the wall in his own blood.

There, dripping red on the white wall of the bathroom, was a single word.

IT

9. Back In Derry

Author's Note: Love you too, Carly.

Disclaimer: I don't own them.

Derry, Maine 1990

Finn looked up as the taxi he was in pulled to a stop at Derry Cemetery.

"Here you go," he said, stepping out of the cab, and paying the driver.

"Are you sure you don't want me to wait?" the driver asked, politely.

"No thanks, I'll walk," Finn said. The driver nodded and pulled away as Finn walked over to the grave he had not been to in at least twenty years. He knelt down and ran his fingers over the name.

Joseph Carl Hudson

"Joe," Finn said sadly, "How could I have forgotten?" he asked himself, regretfully, choking back tears, he said, "I'm so sorry."

He was taking a calming breath when he caught a flash of red out of the corner of his eye. He quickly turned his head to see six freshly dug graves and one recently filled. The grave digger popped his head out of the seventh grave. Finn immediately recognized the bright red wig and fake nose. It was really back.

The clown smirked at him, "Take your pick F-F-F-Finny boy! Oh," the clown said, as if It had forgotten something, "Except for the one on the end," It pointed at the only filled grave, "That's already taken. Sorry."

"I remember you," Finn said calmly, "And I remember we beat you. I'm not afraid of you," the clown growled at him, revealing his disgusting teeth. It started to laugh as Finn turned back to Joe's gravestone, "I'm not afraid of you," he whispered, mostly trying to convince himself. He looked back at the clown. It was gone, along

with the graves. He shook his head free from the monster from his childhood and left the cemetery.

He walked the few short blocks to the library. David had told him that he was the town librarian, so he figured that was a good enough place to start looking for him. He walked in and took a deep breath, inhaling the comforting aroma of books. A nearby sign caught his eye.

Derry's Own

Finn Hudson

Best-Selling Author

Placed on a table below the sign, were three of his best-selling horror novels; *Gargoyles Dance,Gnaw*and *The Smile*. He smiled, knowing that David was probably the reason they were out. A cough drew his attention to the main desk, where a dark-skinned man was going through paperwork.

Finn smiled and walked over to the desk. He stood there silently and waited for David to turn around. The librarian span around in his desk chair and saw a very tall man with a smile that hadn't changed in years. He stood up with a smile and walked around the desk, searching for something to say to his old friend.

"I-I know how old I look," he said, awkwardly.

Finn shook his head, "It's just…I remember you as a kid."

"Welcome home, Finn" he said, leaning in for a hug, "I just wish it was under happier…" he trailed off as a library patron walked past them, realizing this probably wasn't the best place to talk about this, "Come on, let's go."

They were walking down the street to the poorer part of town when David explained, "It occurred to me in there that I probably didn't need to create any more paranoia than we already have here."

"I understand," Finn said, "I had a little taste of it myself earlier," he thought back to what had happened at the cemetery.

"Well, at least people seem to care, now…or maybe it's just that I'm a grown up now…"

Finn sighed, "I feel so thick now David, I don't remember much of it at all. What we did… I don't even remember why I came back, except for Joe."

"I'll bet it doesn't all come back at once," David said quietly.

Finn looked over at his old friend as a thought occurred to him, "How come you remember?"

"I never left, how could I forget?" he said with a scoff, "All I have to do is look down at the street corner, and there we are, the seven of us."

"The lucky seven," Finn said with a smile that quickly faded into shock, "Oh man, that just came back! There's something else…" he said, looking around the familiar neighborhood, "One of us lived around here. *Kurt*!"

"Right down the street," David said with a fond smile.

"His father…he was poor, his father was a mechanic! This was poor town!"

David gave an embarrassed little smile and pulled out a set of keys, "Yeah, it still is," he said, walking up to the ramshackle house they had been standing in front of.

"Yours?" Finn asked.

David tried to cover up his embarrassment with nonchalance, "Hey, I'm a bachelor, Finn. It's clean, and better yet, it's paid for."

Finn smiled at his friend and gave a nod of acknowledgement. They walked into the house and over to the kitchen. David pulled two beers out of the refrigerator and offered one to Finn, "Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Frankly, I haven't had much of an appetite since you called," Finn said honestly.

David gave a knowing nod, "I'll arrange dinner tonight for all of us. Have you seen any of the others?" he asked, as they sat down at the kitchen table.

"Nope," Finn said, "But I've had a feeling, all afternoon… I could tell whenever one of us hit town. I don't think we're all here yet," he said, knowing very well how crazy he sounded.

"No," David said, voice sure.

"You too?" Finn asked, relieved that it wasn't just him. David gave him a look.

"Whatever it is is powerful stuff."

Finn gave a huff of agreement and held his bottle to David's for a toast, "Well, here's to remembering." David looked up at that and gave Finn a large smile, "What," the tall man asked, confused.

"Follow me," David said, leading the way out of the house and to a shed in the backyard. He opened the door, "Maybe this will stimulate those old memory banks a little," he said, pulling something out of the shed that Finn knew very well indeed.

"Silver," he said in recognition at the sight of his childhood bike. It was old and rusted, but he would know that old thing anywhere. He used to feel that he was unstoppable whenever he road it. Just the sight of it helped him remember more than one lost day of fun.

"Yup," David said with a smile, "I ran across it in a pawn shop about a year ago. I don't know, something made me buy it. It's got a flat tire, but that's all that's wrong with it." Finn knelt down and ran his hand over the rusted silver. David went on, "But here's the real kicker," he leaned back into the shed and pulled out a small box, "I bought this tube repair kit, on impulse…about three months before I saw this bike." He handed the box to Finn, who accepted it with a smile. "There was some kind of force guiding us that summer," David said, seriously, "I don't know if it came to help us or if we created it. But maybe, it's still here." He looked down at his dress clothes he had worn to work, and then at the dirty bike, "I'm gonna change clothes," he said, going back into the house.

Finn looked back at his bike with a small smile that quickly faded as he remembered something else. A not so fond and happy memory involving this bike. There was just the small snippet of a memory but he could clearly picture him riding as fast as he could, Puck on the back of his bike, not knowing what they were scared of, but trying to get away. He shook his head and went searching for a tool kit.

"I'm getting bugged driving up and down the same old strip, I got to find a new place where the kids are hip!" Sam sang to himself as he drove down Derry's main street in a rented, red convertible. He trailed off as he saw a 'Space for rent' sign on the paramount theater, "Oh, come on! Not the paramount, you slime balls! How are the people in this city supposed to get their culture!" he pulled the car to a stop when he saw what the other side of the sign said; **Rest in peace, Sam Evans; Born 1950-Died 1990.**

He closed his eyes, and shook his head violently. When he looked up, the sign was gone. He drove the rest of the way to the library, trying to shake off what he had just seen. He ran into the old building, and went straight to the reference desk.

"May I help you?" the young girl manning the desk asked politely.

"David Sullivan?" Sam said, panic in his voice. The girl shook her head.

"He stepped out a short while ago," she said. When she saw the lost look on Sam's face, she added, "I'm pretty sure he's coming back."

"Great," Sam said, feeling relieved. He pointed towards some comfortable looking chairs, "I'm just gonna wait here," he stammered out. He picked up the nearest magazine and sat down, hugging it to his chest, "Come on, friend. Get a grip," he opened the magazine he had grabbed, which just happened to be 'Contemporary Woman' "Of course," he muttered to himself, before absently skimming an article on how to balance work and your sex life. A hand lightly tapped his shoulder, "Ah!" he cried out, looking up to see the young librarian holding a paper cup full of water.

She gave him a wide-eyed look and said, "You look like you could use

this. It's just water." He took the cup with a soft thank you. She smiled and walked away. He watched her go, before snapping a rubber band he had on his wrist. He always used one when he went away from Mercedes. It was a pretty good coping mechanism. A deep, throaty voice called out to him.

"A little young for ya, isn't she, Sammy? Beep beep, Sammy!"

Sam shook his head, "I didn't hear that!" he said loudly, trying to convince himself, "I didn't!" An old man sitting near him leaned over.

"I beg your pardon?" he said. Before Sam could apologize the voice spoke again.

"Come on up, Sammy! I got a balloon for you!" Sam's eyes followed the voice up to the second story, visible from below via balcony. He saw a man in a clown suit reading a newspaper, "Don't you want a balloon?" It lowered the paper, exposing the creature behind his nightmares. It laughed, "What's the matter? One balloon not enough?" It stood up and pointed to the ceiling, "Try a bunch!" Sam looked up to see dozens of multicolored balloons slowly floating down to the ground. They popped where ever they hit, splattering the surface with a metallic scent that Sam quickly associated with blood. One came to rest directly in front of his face. He closed his eyes as it popped, painting his face with blood.

He screamed and stood from the chair, ignoring the laughing clown in the balcony.

"Is everything all right?" the young librarian asked, concerned. Before he could answer, the clown shouted down at him.

"This is your last chance, Evans! Get out before it gets dark tonight! You're all too old to stop me! You're all too old!"

Sam shook his head and said, "Tell David Sullivan if you see him…" he trailed off as the clown started to call out stupid jokes, easily drowning out the sound of Sam's voice. He went on, raising his voice, "Tell David Sullivan, that I had to go! I had to get cleaned up! Tell him! Tell him I'll see him tonight!"

"Get out!" the clown screamed down at him, "Last chance Evans," It went on as Sam ran from the library, "Get out while you can…"

He jumped in his car and drove away, the clown's laughter following him out.

David came back out of his house, dressed in more suitable clothes. He smiled as he saw Finn with the bike, testing the wheel that he had just repaired. They shared a smile and hopped on the bike, Finn peddling, David hanging on. They rode over to the nearby elementary school. They rode around on the playground, childhood memories going through their heads of doing the same thing, years ago. They couldn't do the same tricks, but they still laughed and felt young again as they allowed themselves to play around on the old bicycle.

Finn rolled to a stop next to David. The darker man gave a sly smile and pulled out a deck of playing cards.

"Oh, man," Finn said, really feeling nostalgic, "Not just any cards… bicycle."

"They always made the best noise," David said with a smile, as he pulled out a few clothes pins. Finn took the deck and opened it, but when he went to take the cards out they fell to the ground. David went to pick them up, but pulled back. All but the ace of spades had landed face down. And on the backs of each card, instead of the familiar pattern, was a cartoon drawing of the clown. They could each hear the echo of the clown's laughter.

"Finn?" David questioned.

Finn nodded, "I s-s-s-see it," he stuttered out. They both stood up and walked the bicycle back to David's house, leaving the cards behind.

"Look Andie," Blaine said from the backseat of the cab, "the score is all set, you approved it. All I need to do is finish up the lyrics, which I can easily do from here. It will be ready on time!" he insisted to the director of the new Off-Broadway play that was in the works. Andie started to say something, but it was lost due to the bad reception of

Blaine's mobile phone, "Look, you're breaking up. I'll call you from the hotel," he said, hoping it went through. He hung up just as they passed the welcome to Derry sign. He shook his head in exasperation and looked out the window just in time for him to recognize the bridge they were passing. It was the bridge above the Barrens, "Pull over here, will you?" he requested. The cab pulled to a halt and Blaine got out, "Wait for me," he said, pulling on his jacket. He climbed down the slope.

It was exactly the same, he noticed with a smile. Still lush, green. The perfect escape for a group of boys. He noticed something else that looked familiar. A group of boys were chasing a plump boy down a hill. It was a scene he recognized very well indeed. For a moment there, the young boy was him, running from Dave Karofsky and his gang.

He stood to help, but before he had a chance, the bullies caught up to the kid they were chasing.

"You're it, porky," the main one said, pushing the boy down with a harsh shove. The other boys laughed and kicked the boy as they walked over him. The fun apparently gone. Blaine walked over to the boy who was lying on the ground, trying to keep his tears at bay.

"Hey, you okay buddy?" he asked. The boy whimpered and moved on to his side, exposing a torn pant leg and a badly scraped knee.

"My knee," the boy said in a pain filled voice. Blaine gently rolled up the boy's pant leg and pulled a bandanna out of his back pocket. He soaked it in the cold water of the stream and cleaned the blood away from the skin before wrapping it tight around the boy's knee as a makeshift bandage.

"Lucky for me you had that hanky thing," the boy said.

Blaine gave him a smile, "Be prepared," he said.

"I think I'll be okay now," the boy said, limping to his feet.

"Hang tough, champ. You're gonna make it," Blaine said, no trace of doubt in his voice, "Just be brave."

The kid gave him an appreciative smile and hobbled away. Blaine smiled and stood up ready to go back to the taxi when he heard a voice.

"Blaine! Blaine Anderson!" he recognized it, even though it had been over thirty years since he last heard it. It was his father. "It's nice to see you again!" with growing apprehension he walked over to where the voice was coming from. Sure enough, it was coming from the lake in front of the entrance to the sewers. "What have you been up to all these years?!" Instead of his father in his air force uniform, a skeleton with tattered clothing was standing in the water. The voice changed. It became rough and gravely. Another he recognized, "We can't wait to get you down here with us!"

"You're in my mind," Blaine said, but he wasn't sure, "You're in my mind," he repeated, covering his face with his hands. When he pulled his hands away, the skeleton was gone. All that was left was the old building, even more decrepit then it had been, and the moss-covered lake. He had just allowed himself to relax when a hand came down on his shoulder. He jumped with a yell.

"Got any spare change?" a homeless man asked.

Blaine tossed him a dollar before running back to the taxi.

"Let's go," he said and the cab pulled out.

"Derry Inn, did you say?" the cab driver clarified.

"Yeah," Blaine said absently.

"Reliving your childhood down there, huh?" she asked with a smile.

"Something like that," Blaine said, "Just…saying hi to some old ghosts, you know…"

Something standing by the side of the road caught Blaine's eye. It was a clown holding a bunch of balloons. It waved at Blaine as the cab passed, It's rough laughter echoing through the cab. Blaine sat back in his seat, but something next to him made him jump. A yellow balloon, with the words 'Turn Back Now' had made its way into the cab with him.

He rolled down the window and pushed it out, refusing to be scared.

Rory's taxi rolled to a stop in front of the pharmacy. He got out and looked in shock at how much the building had changed, "Oh hell… time does go by."

Eleven-year-old Rory walked into the drug store. Mr. Goolsby was replacing his inhaler when he stopped and looked at the little Irish boy.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eleven," Rory responded with a confused shrug, "Almost twelve."

Mr. Goolsby nodded and seemed to make up his mind about something, "Come with me," he said motioning to the examination room. Rory followed, bewildered.

"Relax, Rory I'm not gonna bite you," Mr. Goolsby said, "Now most of your troubles come from you being so tight and stiff all the time," he motioned to the inhaler, "Now take your asthma, for instance; do you know what a placebo is, Rory?"

Rory's eyes widened. He knew what the pharmacist would say, but he didn't want to hear it, "I gotta go," he said.

"It's water, Rory. Water with a squirt of camphor to make it taste like medicine."

Rory shook his head, "No," he said adamantly.

"Your doctor is weak and your mother is determined that you're ill," he said, trying to make the boy understand that he was perfectly healthy, "And you, my friend, are caught in the middle."

"It's all a lie! A great big lie!" Rory said, angrily, "I do have asthma! I do!" Mr. Goolsby watched helplessly as the small boy ran out of the pharmacy.

"Sir," the pharmacist said, pulling Rory back to the present, "Your prescription?"

Rory flashed him an apologetic smile and walked forward to claim

his inhaler.

"Thank you," he said, and turned to leave.

"Arthur!" a shaky voice yelled out, "Get me a cigar."

The pharmacist, Arthur, sighed and replied, "You know you can't have one, granddad."

"Is that Mr. Goolsby?" Rory asked Arthur.

He gave him a confused look, but nodded.

"I knew him when I was a child," Rory explained, "Would it be all right if I said 'hello'?" he asked.

Arthur smiled and nodded, pointing him to the examination room.

"Mr. Goolsby?" Rory greeted, hesitantly, walking into the room, "Mr. Goolsby, hello."

"Do you have a cigar for an old man?" he asked, not recognizing Rory.

"I'm sorry, I don't have any. I'm Rory Flannigan. Emma Flannigan's son."

"Some licorice. I could always go for some licorice." Rory sighed, knowing he would not get through to the old man, but he continued.

"I just wanted to thank you for trying to tell me the truth a long time ago." Rory was hopeful when Mr. Goolsby met his eyes, but that didn't last long when he looked away and said, "You look a little peaky, sonny."

Rory sighed, "I'd better go," he said, standing to leave.

"Eye drops," Mr. Goolsby said.

"What?" Rory asked, not sure if he heard right.

"H2O. Water, it's only water. It's all in your head sonny."

Rory knelt with a smile, "You do remember me!" he said happily. Before he could get to excited, Mr. Goolsby grabbed his arm with a firm grip.

"Get out of Derry while you still can!" he growled out. It was the clown's voice, "Beware, little Rory! Beware, girly boy!"

Mr. Goolsby suddenly let go. Rory stood and slowly began to back out of the examination room.

"Do you have any cigars, sonny? Or maybe some licorice?" Rory ran from the pharmacy.

Kurt stood in front of his old house. He hadn't been there since he had been accepted to Parsons on a full scholarship. He walked up to the door and gathered his courage. He pushed the doorbell that said 'Hummel'. He hadn't seen his father since then either. He had left home and never looked back. But he had to do this, he had to get that last little piece of closure. Strengthening his resolve, he pushed the bell. The curtains blocking the window in the door were pulled aside to reveal a friendly looking old woman. She opened the door.

"I'm sorry," Kurt said, "I must have rung the wrong bell. I was looking for Hummel."

"Hummel?" she asked.

"Yes," Kurt said with a polite smile.

"There's no Hummel here," the old woman said, turning to go back inside. She stopped and turned back to Kurt, "Unless…you don't mean Burt Hummel?"

"Yes, my father," Kurt said, hopefully.

"Oh, yes. I'm sorry to have to be the one to tell you this, a total stranger, but your father's been dead these last five years."

Kurt gasped, he was almost hoping she was wrong, "But on the bell… it said…" he trailed off and looked at the bell again, "Oh," he said bashfully, "Krumel! I thought it said Hummel."

"I'm Mrs. Krumel," she said politely, "I knew your father a little. Come in, let me give you tea."

"No, no," Kurt declined, "I couldn't."

"Well you can and you will, I insist," she said, leading Kurt into the house. Kurt looked around in shock at his childhood home. It didn't look anything like when he lived there. It was fresh and elegant. It looked like a home. Nothing like the rundown place he had grown up in, "Feel free to look around," Mrs. Krumel offered, "Perhaps you'd like to freshen up?"

Kurt graciously accepted and made his way into the bathroom. It had been redone in a very soothing pale pink that made him feel more relaxed than he ever had in that room ever since the blood incident.

He carefully walked over to the sink, sneaking a peek down the drain and plugging it quickly. He turned on the faucet and quickly washed his face. He turned it back off until there was only a small drip of water. He rested his head against the mirror and closed his eyes.

"Did you fall asleep in there? It's tea time!" Mrs. Krumel said with a knock on the door. Kurt snapped back to attention, shocked to see the sink completely filled with water, when it had just had a little puddle in the bottom.

"Tea," he whispered softly to himself, "Tea would be nice," he shook his head clear and pulled the plug out of the drain before going to the sitting room where Mrs. Krumel was waiting with the tea, "I love what you've done with the place. It looks so different…so cozy."

"How kind you are, young man," she said, handing Kurt his tea cup. She picked up her own tea cup and put it to her lips. Kurt watched, shocked as she gulped the steaming hot tea. Draining the cup in seconds, "Well go on dear," she said with a smile, showing rotten teeth, "Drink it while it's nice and hot."

Kurt tried to convince himself that he was only seeing things as he began to stir his tea. He looked down in shock when he saw blood in his tea cup. He dropped it to the carpet and jumped out of the armchair he had been sitting in.

Mrs. Krumel gave him that same sickening smile, "Don't trouble your pretty little head dear, I'll get it," she said, kneeling on the floor, and picking up the bloody, broken pieces of the teacup.

"It did say Hummel on the doorbell," Kurt said, voice hard. The woman spoke, voice serious and cold, nothing like the overly polite tone she had been using.

"If you're wise, you'll run dear. Run. Because to stay would mean worse than your death. They float down there. They float," she looked up, only it wasn't the old woman anymore, it was a rotting emaciated corpse.

He couldn't stop the scream.

It spoke again, only this time, his father's voice came out, "I worry about you, Kurtie. I worry a lot!"

Kurt ran. He ran for the door. That thing chasing after him, "It won't do you any good to run, Kurtie!" He made it to the door, but just as he tried to turn the knob, the thing caught up with him. It put its hand on his shoulders, keeping him from moving. Kurt looked up at it, "You're not real!" he screamed, pushing it away and running out of the house. He didn't stop until he was in the street. When he turned around, the clown was on the porch, laughing at him.

He heard a car horn, and turned just in time to see a delivery truck bearing down on him. He ducked out of the way and turned back to the house. He was shocked to see the doors and windows boarded up. There was no way to get in. He felt something brush against his legs and looked down to see a yellow balloon. He couldn't stop shaking as it bounced down the street.

10. Reunited

Disclaimer: I don't own anything

Hampstead Heath, England 1990

"I told you the first time you introduced me to him that he was a twit, Rachel!" Jesse said, furious. He was the director of the movie that Finn was writing and Rachel had called him over to the house to explain Finn's sudden trip.

"Jesse, I didn't ask you over to insult Finn," she said, rubbing her head tiredly. Jesse was her best friend and she wanted someone to help her understand Finn's strange behavior. But Jesse was mainly focusing on how inconvenient this was going to be for him.

"How dare he do this to me!"

Rachel rolled her eyes, "You've been complaining to me about him ever since we started making this picture."

"He'll never work in movies again," Jesse proclaimed, "I suppose you know that."

"If you could have seen his face," Rachel said, going back to the original topic, "It was frightening…"

"Nothing like a little crisis to bring the estranged couple closer together," Jesse said, walking over to his friend, and grabbing her hands, "And perhaps…even farther apart."

Rachel pulled her hands away, "Jesse, please," she knew that Jesse had feelings for her, but she loved Finn.

Jesse held his hands up in surrender, "I'm simply pointing out that this could be a blessing in disguise."

Rachel shook her head at him, "Would you consider giving me a few days?"

"I shall pretend I didn't hear that, Rachel," Jesse said, pulling away, "I shall replace your imbecilic husband, I cannot replace you. Don't even think about leaving, Rachel. You've worked very hard to get where you are. *Very* hard. I know you'd do nothing to jeopardize that." She could hear the threat behind his friendly tone. If she left, he would fire her. "Or to damage our professional relationship. Or to turn a good friend into a violent enemy ready to crucify you at any cost," Jesse smiled, positive that he had made his point, "But there's no need to talk about that. I'll see you tomorrow," he said, showing himself out.

Rachel sat and thought. For two hours, she warred with herself over what to do. She would lose her career if she went after Finn…but if she didn't go…

Finn had been terrified when he left the house. She knew that if she didn't go after him, she would never see him again.

It all came down to a matter of what she loved more. Her career, or her husband.

She picked up the phone, "International reservations, please. Yes, I'd like a seat on your next flight to the United States."

Derry, Maine 1990

Rory walked into *Chop Suey Chinese Restaurant.* The hostess pointed him towards a private room in the back of the restaurant. Facing away from him was a shorter, obviously fit man with curly black hair, "Excuse me, I'm looking for the Sullivan party?" The man turned around and stared in shock.

"Rory?" he asked, "Rory Flannigan!"

"Haystack!" the Irish man exclaimed, happy at seeing his old friend. He walked over to him and gave him a hug, "What happened to the rest of you?" he asked with a friendly laugh.

"Gone but not forgotten," Blaine replied with a laugh, pulling the small boy in for another hug. Blaine released Rory when two other

men walked into the room. They both looked in shock at their old friends, hardly believing that the four of them were together again. Blaine looked up at Finn and chuckled, "Where's Sam Evans when you need a good line?"

"Blaine," Finn realized, shocked."

"I'm afraid so," Rory laughed, slapping Blaine's hard stomach.

"Finn, look at you," Blaine said, pulling the tall man in for a hug while Rory greeted David, "David, is that you?"

"Such as I am, Haystack," the men went on, laughing and reminiscing, not noticing Sam walk over to the entrance. He was still stressed from that afternoon, and seeing so many faces from the past messed him up. He began to panic and ran to the restroom, splashing water on his face.

"Come on, Evans…it was a hallucination brought on by too much fun in '67. Just get ahold of yourself," he told his reflection, "You're working too hard, kid." He walked back to the private room, interrupting Blaine's toast, "Alright, who got bald, who got wrinkled and how many of God's children have wings?" he announced his presence to the room.

"Beep beep, Sammy," Finn said with a smile. Sam plastered on a smile and greeted the other men, happily.

They all fall silent when Rory greets the newest arrival, "Kurt."

The five men turn to look at their old friend. Kurt had grown up to be beautiful. He gave a soft smile, "What a bunch of handsome old men," he took three steps into the room before his steps faltered and his eyes rolled back in his head. Rory, who was the closest, rushed forward to catch him before he hit the ground in a faint, Blaine rushing over to help the scrawny man get the pale beauty over to the small love seat that sat against one wall.

Finn grabbed a napkin from the table and soaked it in a water glass. He handed it to Blaine who hovered by Kurt's head. The curly haired man gently placed it on Kurt's forehead, caressing his hair. Sam

kneeled on the floor next to him and took one of Kurt's hands. He shot Kurt a smile when his glasz eyes opened with a start.

"Hi, good lookin'," he said, teasingly.

"Sam," Kurt said, happily, pulling Sam into a hug and placing a gentle kiss on his cheek. He released the blond and his eyes found the small Irish man, "Rory!" he rushed to embrace him.

"I'd rather catch you than anyone else in the whole world, Kurt Hummel," Rory said, laughing. Kurt laughed and Rory helped him stand up. The pale man grabbed David and pulled him into a hug.

"I just… all of you standing there. So much came flooding back it was like a tidal wave," Kurt explained with a blush over his faint. He pulled back to look David in the eyes, "David, what are we getting ourselves into?" Before David could respond, someone else caught Kurt's eye.

"Hi Kurt," Blaine said with a bashful wave. The other men could see it clearly. Blaine was still in love with Kurt. It was obvious…to everyone but Kurt.

"Blaine," Kurt said happily, pulling his old friend into a hug, "I'm so proud of you. I saw your article in Time Magazine, and just look at you! Where's..."

He trails off when he sees Finn. He walked over and gave him a hug that lasted a little longer than the others had, "You all right, Kurt?"

"Yes," Kurt said, softly before shaking his head, "I saw something."

"Same with me," Blaine said.

"Oh, man," Sam said, dropping on to the love seat, "What I saw at the library…Woah!"

"Was it Pennywise?" Finn asked.

"Of course, it was Pennywise," Sam said, covering his eyes.

"He's working on us already."

"Trying to chip away at us," Blaine added, bitterly.

"Maybe that means he's afraid," Kurt cut in.

"It," Kurt looked at Finn in confusion, "It's afraid."

"Oh man. *It*," Sam said, rubbing his eyes.

"Help us remember, David," Blaine pleaded, "help us fill in the gaps."

"Yeah, please because I don't know what you guys are talking about," Rory finally spoke. They all turned to look at him, "I can't remember much of anything, and when I try… it… it clouds over. I mean, didn't you feel it? As soon as I crossed the county line it was like this veil dropped over my eyes."

"Maybe it's the water," Sam tried to joke.

"Water?" Kurt said, voice hard, "Maybe it's the sewer."

"This is battery acid, you slime!" Rory screamed at It, spraying his inhaler in Its face.

"Breathe Rory," Blaine said, grabbing his arm as the memory hit the scrawny man, causing him to hyperventilate. The man took a few puffs of his inhaler before speaking in a hoarse voice.

"I'm okay. I think I remember who Pennywise was now… big white guy, red nose…'bout seventy-five feet tall," he choked out, trying not to get hysterical, "Mouth full of razor sharp teeth!" he exaggerated as the memories of his childhood monster came flooding back to him. Kurt and Sam rushed to comfort him as tears started to fall from his eyes, "What is happening you guys? I mean, what the hell is going on!" he sobbed. David handed him and napkin from the table and Rory dried his eyes and attempted to regain his composure, "I'm sorry. It was just a very vivid memory. I had forgotten, that I stared that *creep* right in the face."

"And you saved Puck's life," Finn hurried to remind him, "Do you remember that part?"

Rory's back straightened and he looked up into the taller man's eyes,

"Yeah. Yeah, now I do."

"Hey, speaking of Puck," Sam said, walking over to the entrance to shout their other friends name, hoping that he was just late or lost, "Where is his royal straightness, anyway?"

"He wouldn't fink out on us, would he David?" Blaine asked, a little angrily, "You told him, right?"

"Yeah," David said, uncertainly, "Yeah, he'll be along."

"I think we ought to go ahead without him," Finn said, "We can fill him in when he gets here. Come on David, talk to us, help us remember-"

"Now wait a minute," Sam interrupted, "I don't know about you guys, but this is the first time since I got here that I feel good! I mean I feel halfway *safe!* Come on," he said, turning back to the bar and pouring some drinks, "let's have a couple of drinks. Some good food, a couple of chucks, and let's just leave the wolf out the door, huh?"

"Spoken like a true loser, Sam" Blaine teased, gaining some chuckles from the other men.

"Hey, hey," Rory got their attention and raised his glass, "To the Loser's Club."

"To the Loser's Club," the other five men agreed with a smile, meeting his glass in the middle.

They all sat around the large table and started to catch up after ordering their food. They enjoyed the delicious Chinese food and laughed hard at Sam's jokes. They listened with pride as Kurt talked about his company, and Finn told them about the movie. Blaine told them about his musicals and Rory talked about the company he had built. They relaxed for the first time since David had called them and simply wanted to enjoy each other's company. They teased and talked as if they had never been separated.

"Wait did you say wives?" Blaine asked Sam with a laugh, "How many times have you been to the alter, Sammy?"

"Oh, four, five? Who the hell keeps count? Mercedes is gonna be the last, though, I guarantee that. But those other women were so materialistic. They all just wanted the same thing."

"How about you, Blaine, are you married?" Finn asked.

"No, but I've dodged the bullet a number of times. I'm still waiting for the right guy," Kurt didn't notice Blaine glance at him as he said this, "What about you, Rory?"

"Me? Yeah, I'm seeing this really wonderful woman named Sugar. But with the business and all, I really haven't had much time."

David chuckled, "How about you Kurt?"

"Oh…Well I'm seeing…no I'm not married or in a relationship," Kurt said. Blaine could see that he was getting uncomfortable and turned back to Sam.

"So, Sam, whatever happened to those glasses?"

Sam placed his empty water glass up to his eye, "Contact lenses."

Blaine laughed, "With how many times you broke those glasses of yours you should have had stock in an adhesive tape company."

"Yeah, me and Dave Karofsky."

Kurt groaned and put his head in his hands, "Somebody please tell me he was hit by a freight train and put out of his misery."

David sighed and picked up his teacup, "No such luck. If you want to see Dave Karofsky you'll find him up at Juniper Hills," he said.

"Ever since the trial," Kurt remembered, "where he confessed to the murders of all the children."

"He was down there with us in the sewer," Blaine shuddered.

"That creep was gonna kill Puck," Sam said angrily.

"He was gonna kill us all," Rory corrected.

"I remember when they pulled him out," Finn said, "his hair had turned white."

"And he was babbling about a white light," Blaine continued for him.

"And a clown," Kurt broke in.

"And no one believed him," David said, unable to keep the satisfaction out of his voice at the bully getting what he deserved.

"Except when he said he killed all the kids," Finn said.

Kurt couldn't keep the guilt from his voice, "And we didn't say anything."

"Not a word," Rory said taking another sip of his drink.

"But It was the killer. And we stopped It," Finn finished.

David looked across the table at him, "We thought we did."

Juniper Hills State Correctional Facility Psychiatric Unit

Dave Karofsky stared up at the moon through the bars on his window. The years had not been kind on the former bully. His hair, what was left of it, was a snow white and his fat form was covered in wrinkles and scars from the multiple beatings he had received from the guards and the other inmates. They did not like child killers.

"Dave," a throaty voice called out, "Dave Karofsky!" he sat up and looked around the room, but all of his cellmates were sleeping, "Up here, sharp stuff," he could almost hear the eyeroll in the voice. He looked back out the window and up at the full moon. It was the clown! "You helped me once, remember? You chased those brats! Almost got 'em, too. *Almost.* Don't you want another chance? You gotta go back and finish the job. You gotta go back to Derry and kill them all!" the clown faded away and Dave slowly laid back down.

He stared up at the ceiling. Kill them all echoing through his head. He wanted to hurt them. To kill the people that had ruined his life. He just needed to find a way out of the hospital.

Derry, Maine

The last of the dishes had been cleared away and their waitress placed a plate of fortune cookies on the table.

Sam drained his glass and looked down at his watch, "Well I've got a plane out at 6 a.m.— "

Kurt cut him off, "Sam," the blonde looked up at him, "You're not leaving?"

Sam gave a long-suffering sigh. "What do you want, Kurt, an adventure? You got some high-toned idea that you're gonna go back and relive that old nightmare? I love you, but count me out. I'm going to a hotel, I'm gonna get some sleep and in the morning, I get on a plane and I'm outta here, forever."

"Sam—" Blaine started, but he was cut off.

"I will remember all of you, very fondly," Sam tried to joke but Blaine continued.

"Hey, Sam we're all scared it's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Maybe he's right," Rory cut in, causing Blaine and Kurt to look at him in shock, "I mean, if you were talking about going back into the sewer?"

"We don't know what we were talking about," Finn said, "Mainly because we haven't talked about it yet."

"Yeah," Blaine said, sounding a little angry, "Suppose we give David a chance to fill us in before we scatter to the four winds, or is that too much trouble, Sam?"

"All I'm saying is I'm gonna go get some sleep, is that too much to ask?!" Sam yelled back.

"Why don't we show David a little courtesy— "

"Guys, guys, come on!" David yelled out, stopping the two men, "It's

all right, Blaine. If Sam wants to go, he goes. Now we all came here based on the strength of a promise. As far as I'm concerned everybody at this table made good on that promise. Wherever we go from here…I have no expectations."

"Well said, David," Sam said, slapping a twenty onto the table.

"It's all right, it's taken care of, Sam," he said, regarding the bill. The group immediately protested, "Guys, that's just the way it is," he said in a no-nonsense tone. Sam nodded and put the money back in his wallet.

"Alright, then," he said, grabbing a fortune cookie, "a toast to David Sullivan, without whom, none of this would have been necessary," the others grabbed a cookie as Sam went on, "I can just see my fortune now, 'You're gonna be eaten by a big greasy monster. Have a nice day!'"

They all chuckled as Kurt broke open his cookie. He screamed when, instead of a little slip of paper, blood came spraying out at him, just like it had in his bathroom thirty years ago.

Rory screamed as a cockroach popped out of his cookie and scurried across the table. Sam put his cookie on the table and flinched back as part of it broke off and went flying. He cried out in disgust at the eyeball staring at him. Blaine didn't hesitate to throw his across the table as two claws broke free. He jumped out of his chair and backed up against the wall.

David looked down at the crumbled remains of his fortune cookie. He couldn't take his eyes off the fetus chicken with no eyes that was making pitiful squeaks and moving its tiny underdeveloped feet.

"Dummy up, everybody," Finn said, staring at the cookie in front of him as it shakes and creaked. Whatever was inside wanted to come out. Blaine sat back down next to Kurt who was frantically trying to get the blood off of his hands. Rory was taking multiple puffs of his inhaler as Sam tried not to throw up. Their waitress heard the screams and came running into the room.

"What is it? What's wrong? Is something the matter?" she asked,

looking around the table, not seeing anything out of the ordinary.

"Our friend h-had an asthma attack, but he's better now," Finn said, thinking quickly. The waitress looked over at the red faced, panting Rory, and nodded.

"Much better," Rory panted, "Thank you."

"Everything was okay?" she asked concerned.

"Everything was fine," Kurt said charmingly and the rest of the group was quick to agree. The waitress smiled and left the room.

"I-I'm not so sleepy anymore," Sam said finally looking away from the eye in the cookie and jumping out of his seat.

Finn covered his cookie with his napkin as the hairy leg of a large spider finally broke through the sides, "Let's get the hell out of here," he said. The others needed no more urging as they jumped out of their seats and raced out of the restaurant.

11. Remembering

Author's Note: Warning for mention of suicide, attempted sexual assault in a flashback

Disclaimer: I don't own anything

Derry, Maine

"Is this the Puckerman residence?" David asked. After the incident in the restaurant they had gone back to the library to get a couple of boxes David had left there earlier. Right now, however, David was attempting to get ahold of Puck, "This is David Sullivan, an old friend."

While he was on the phone, Kurt, Rory, and Sam were staring at the bloody stains around the library that were left over from Sam's earlier visit. Kurt could not stop rubbing his hands together. The blood was gone, but he could still feel the warm liquid on his skin. All he could do was rub his hands raw in the hopes that he would feel something other than the blood.

"What are we gonna do now," Rory asked, unable to tear his eyes away from the bloody floor.

"Don't worry about it, little leprechaun. A little elbow-grease and soap oughtta clean it right up," Sam tried to joke. Kurt flinched and sat down with a thud on the closest chair as the memory came flooding back to him.

Eleven-year-old Kurt had stayed curled up in the corner for a good ten minutes after the taunting voice had stopped. He wouldn't be able to sleep until the blood was cleaned up. The young boy grabbed a rag, and started to scrub the blood off the mirror. It was hard work and he had to try to keep himself from gagging at the acrid, metallic scent.

He couldn't understand why his father had been unable to see the blood, even as he had smeared some over Kurt's skin. It couldn't be in his mind.

This was too real. He looked down at the sink and prepared himself for a long night.

Kurt came back to the present when Rory spoke, "Why are we the only ones who can see this?"

Sam clapped a hand on the smaller man's shoulder, "Well, you got me stumped, let's ask the answer man. Oh, David!" he called, pulling Rory over to where the other men sat around David's desk. Kurt stood and followed, "Oh, Davie! Garcon!" the comedian rang the bell on the help desk to get the dark-skinned man's attention.

"Hold on a sec," David said, going back to his phone call, "Hello, Puck? Oh…David Sullivan. Is this the Puckerman residence? I'm trying to get ahold of Noah Puckerman."

"You tell that loser that if he hasn't left already, he's a dead man. We managed to show up…" Sam trailed off at his friend's laughter. They had all been so stressed and scared that he needed to try to help them relax. He hopped up on the counter and looked down at Rory's head, "Hey that matches your real hair, has anyone ever told you that? Is anyone from out of town? I just flew in from LA, and boy is my tail section tired," Rory laughed and held up a sign that said, silence. Sam grabbed it and threw it over his shoulder, "Yeah, not a chance. It's great to be back here in Derry! Breathing in that old, *Derry air,* I have never felt so much love in a room in my entire life! Rory, get all their names, I want to put them on my Christmas mailing list," As his friends laughed, Sam put Rory in a playful chokehold, "I love this man, I love this man he's like the brother I never had…wait a second…" Sam pulled Rory's head back to study him and pulled back in shock, "He *is* the brother I never had!"

"Oh, hold on a second," David said into the phone through his laughter, "Beep beep, Sam," he turned back to the phone. David listened for a minute and the laughter faded from everyone's face as they watched the sadness fall over their friends, "Okay, thank you," he hung up the phone, "Puck is dead. He cut his wrists in the bathtub, right after I phoned him."

Nobody knew how to react. Logical Puck. The one who never wanted

anything to do with any of this, was dead. Finn thought back to when he got to Derry. When he was in the cemetery. The six empty graves and the recently filled one. He covered his mouth and sighed, fighting back tears for his old friend, when he remembered something.

"Puck was the last one of us to see It that summer," he said, "Do you remember? All summer long he just kept saying, it isn't empirically possible. Even seeing the clown didn't make it real for him. Nothing did until that afternoon in August. I remember, I was coming down Chestnut Street on my old bike, and I saw Puck running through the park like something was after him. He jumped on the back of my bike and told me to go. I can't honestly say I saw anything that day. Puck's the one who saw it. I was riding too fast to turn around, I didn't want to see…whatever it was. It took him hours to calm down enough to tell me what happened. He said he was down in Lampkin Park by a bird feeder…watching birds…like a good boy scout. I remember he used to call it 'collecting birds'.

Noah sat on the bench that was about twenty feet away from the bird feeder. He had his binoculars in hand so he could observe them without startling them away. He flipped through the pages in his bird book when he heard his name.

"Noah," a soft, but rough voice called out to him. He looked over in the direction where the voice had come from and saw an abandoned old house at the other end of the park. Curiosity peaked, he picked up his book and walked across the park.

"He said he didn't mean to go into that house, but this voice kept… whispering to him. Naturally, being Puck, he figured there was a rational explanation."

Noah climbed up the stairs leading to the front door. When he tested the knob and the door opened easily, he poked his head inside.

"Hello?" Puck called into the dark house. It must have been beautiful in its time. There was a large crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling in the

foyer. Large windows, covered in moldy velvet curtains lined the wall next to the grand staircase.

"Noah," the same voice whispered. Puck walked into the house.

"Yeah? I-I'm right here," he said, clutching his bird book to his chest like a shield. The front door slammed shut behind him. Puck jumped and turned back to the door, trying to get it to open. The door, which had opened so easily when he went into the house, was now shut tight. Behind him, he could hear footsteps so heavy, the crystals in the chandelier rattled together. He looked over his shoulder. When he saw the creature coming down the stairs, he froze.

Its head was wrapped in filthy, rotting bandages. The tattered remains of the clown suit were hanging off of a lank form. The face beneath the bandages shifted and the hissing mouth opened, revealing blackened fangs.

"He was trapped. The only thing he could think of to do was to hold his bird book in front of him like a shield and say, as loud as he could, the names of all the birds he could remember."

"Longneck finch, speckled grouse, Baltimore oriole," the thing had reached the bottom of the stairs by now and those sickening teeth were twisted into a taunting smile, "…gray egret, hammerhead woodpecker, brown thrush!" As soon as he said the last name the creature stopped in his tracks and began to back away up the stairs. Puck didn't hesitate to try the door again. It opened and he went running. He didn't stop until he found Finn on his bicycle, and then they rode as fast as possible.

"Brown thrush," Finn finished the story, sadly.

Rory spoke up, "The day that we went into the sewer… Puck saw It. Face to face. Not the clown, but he saw what was behind the clown…. He ran up to me in school, and he said, 'I saw It! Rory… I looked right into Its…some kind of lights. I looked right into Its deadlights.' Then he said, I haven't thought of it until just now, I swear, he said, 'I looked into Its deadlights…and I wanted to be there.'"

"Deadlights!" Finn exclaimed, the word sparking another memory. A memory of the time they all went down into the sewers to fight the monster. That bright light that had attacked them…he couldn't think of a better name.

The men were all quiet for a moment when Sam said, "I need a drink," the others voiced their agreement.

"I've got something here," David said, standing up and walking to the library's mini-fridge.

As soon as he opened the door, dozens of colorful balloons came floating out, and carnival music began to play. When they were out of the way, David looked in the mini-fridge and cried out, "Puck!"

Sitting on the top shelf was the head of Noah Puckerman.

"Sorry I'm late guys," the head said, "Well let's see who's here, F-F-F-F-Finny-Boy! Sam! You still here? We never expected you to stick around, nice dye job, no one would ever suspect. Haystack! Putting on a little weight, huh? And speaking of dad's Kurtie, yours isn't worried about you anymore, he loves your choice in men. Wheezy! How's your sex life…. what's your sex life? Well, David you finally did it, you got us all back here. I guess it's the only way you'd ever see us, since you're so lame you never leave this town! I finally made it guys, I'm in the deadlights now, and you know what," the mocking voice coming from Puck's head roughened and went deeper into the voice that had haunted them all for thirty years, "it's true what they say, we all float down here. And you will too! They *all* float! They all float!"

David slammed the door. The lights above them went off and the library doors slammed shut. The glass windows in the doors imploded into the room and a strong wind came racing through the room, knocking books off the bookcases.

Rain started to pour from the ceiling and the typewriter on the desk behind them started to type by itself. The men huddled into a circle and joined hands, praying that their solidarity would be enough to keep the evil at bay for the moment. They felt relieved when the rain stopped, the lights flickered back on everything returned to normal.

This was the last straw for Sam, "Alright, I don't know about the rest of you, but I am getting really sick of this place! Now I will listen to anything everybody has to say, but can we do this someplace else, please!"

David nodded, he was feeling guilty that he had dragged his friends into this mess, and was causing them so much stress, "Alright," he said, quietly, "Just help me with this stuff," Blaine and Sam each grabbed one of the large boxes that were sitting on the counter while Finn grabbed the piece of paper that had been in the typewriter.

"Finn?" Kurt asked, concerned when he saw Finn tense up, "Finn, what is it?"

"H-he thrusts h-h-his," Finn couldn't speak. Blaine reached over his shoulder and grabbed the paper from his trembling hands.

"'He thrusts his fists into the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts?'" Blaine read, confused by his friend's reaction, "That's all it says, over and over and over again."

"M-m-my m-mom g-g-gave me t-that to say t-t-t-to h-help with my st-stutter!" this, combined with the last twenty-four hours was freaking Finn out and he was reaching his breaking point. He was sure he would have snapped if it hadn't been for Sam.

"No offense, pal. It ain't helping," when Finn looked over at his friend, he puckered his large lips and blew a mocking kiss to his tall friend.

It was so ridiculous that Finn had to laugh. He covered his face and took a deep breath.

"Let's get out of here," Blaine said, grabbing the box, and hurrying out of the library. The others were quick to follow.

Juniper Hills State Correctional Facility Psychiatric Unit

Karofsky was, once again, sitting in bed and staring out his window. He was watching the moon go down when he heard a voice, "Dave," he looked around the room, but couldn't see anyone. The voice came again, this time, from under his bed, "Down here."

He smiled when he saw the broken, rotting form of his best friend, Rick.

"Rick, what are you doing down there?"

"You got a problem down there you need some help with, Dave?!" the guard, Sue, shouted sarcastically. Dave shook his head and shrank back down into his pillow, "That's a good boy," she said, voice dripping with disdain.

"You don't have to talk out loud, Dave," Rick said, "I can hear you when you just think it. And they don't hear me at all."

"What do you want?" Dave thought.

"Same thing you want," Rick replied with a conniving smirk on his face, "I wanna pay them back."

"Yeah," Dave smirked as he thought, "Pay em back."

"But you're gonna have to get out of here. You're gonna have to go back to Derry," Dave looked hesitant, Rick continued, his voice sounding more like the clown, "I need you Dave. We all, we all need you."

"They can't hurt you," Dave thought with a wince.

"We didn't think they could hurt us back then either, but they did. Didn't they? Bested *you* all summer."

"Don't talk about that," he thought angrily.

"I can take care of em," Rick went on as if he hadn't said anything, "if they only half-believe. But you're alive, Dave. You can get them no matter if they believe, half-believe, or don't believe at all! One-by-one, Dave."

"I can't get out of here. They've got wires on the windows, and Sylvester on the door. Man, Sylvester is the worst. I hate her!"

"I'll take care of Sue, Dave," Rick pulled his arm out from under the bed and handed something to Karofsky. It was his old switchblade,

"Lead the way, Dave."

Karofsky pulled rick out from under the bed and slowly started to walk to the door. Sue looked up furiously as he approached. She ripped open the door and walked into the room, "Alright, Dogmeat, I've had it! Your head's gonna be bouncing off the floor!" she stopped as someone stepped out from behind the psycho. Standing close to ten feet tall was a man wearing a clown suit. What really made her look up, however, were the growls that were coming from the man. She looked up at the stranger, and for the first time in Sue Sylvester's life, she screamed.

The head wasn't human! This thing had the head of a Doberman and it was angry. She turned to run, but the creature was faster.

Her screams echoed through the facility as she was torn to shreds.

Derry, Maine

The six men walked into Derry's one hotel. They paid for their rooms and David requested that they be allowed to use one of the sitting rooms, without being bothered. The men walked in and set the boxes on the table. When Sam saw what was in his, he immediately protested, "Huh. No, no, no, no David. No, no, no, no. I will have no need of this stuff, David," he said, pulling out a flashlight and a hard hat, "But thank you very much for thinking about me, and including it just for me. But none for me! Thank you very much!"

"Sam," Kurt said, stopping his rant.

"What!?"

"You're shouting," he said, irritated.

"I know! Beep beep, Sam! Beep! Beep!"

Rory rubbed his temples, "Talk to us, David. Tell us…stories…tell us things so we don't have to remember what we saw in the library," he begged. Blaine saw that he was starting to panic as he pulled out his inhaler. The curly haired man rushed over to his smaller friend and grabbed his arm.

"Hey, come on pal. Don't let It get you. Fight it!"

Rory nodded, gratefully, "I saw myself today… I saw myself back there," he motioned to his inhaler, "I know it's just camphor water, I *know* that, but I need it."

"Take it easy, pal," Blaine said softly, leading the distraught Irishman to a nearby chair.

Kurt kneeled in front of Rory, next to Blaine, and said, "If it works then it's good medicine. You've always believed in it. That's what matters."

Rory smiled at Kurt's logic. David decided to get the conversation rolling back to It. He pulled out a pile of newspaper clippings and handed some to Finn before walking to the others, "I'm sure by now you all remember what was going on in Derry thirty years ago; there was a rash of killings, maiming's, disappearances…mostly children. Everybody was afraid, but nobody did anything. Until *we* went after It," David began, passing out the clippings, "And we almost killed It. Dave Karofsky confessed to everything and the killings stopped… until earlier this year, exactly thirty years later. Now the first thing you should know is, if you count backwards in thirty year increments every date you come to will correspond with a huge disaster in Derry's history. In 1960, the big fire at the Black Spot Club. In 1930, the explosion down at the old Ironworks. In 1900 the massacre at Dred's Creek. And on, and on."

Eleven-year-old Kurt watched David's presentation with fascination.

"The biggest mystery is how 253 settlers disappeared without a trace," David said, a confused look on his face. Before he could go on, however, Mr. Schue interrupted.

"Thank you, David, for that illuminating, if somewhat…morbid history."

Kurt didn't understand why he didn't let him continue.

"He didn't want to know," he finally realized, "You knew all about

this, even then. Mr. Schuester didn't want to know."

"It's a disease, Kurt," Finn said.

"The Derry Disease," Blaine said, mockingly, "None of them want to know."

Rory could understand, "It's too horrible, so they act like— "

"They act like it doesn't even happen," Sam interrupted angrily.

"I remember…" Kurt began, hesitantly, "I remember a man…Mr. Ryan… he was on his front porch, I was coming home from school. Dave Karofsky was waiting for me! Right outside my house!"

Kurt had just come around the corner leading to his rundown house when he saw Dave Karofsky, Belch and Rick Nelson leaning against his gate. He quickly turned around to run, but Belch and Rick grabbed him by the arms and pushed him against the fence.

"Are you gonna hit me?" the eleven-year-old asked, trying to sound brave. The bullies snickered, terrifying the pale boy. He tried to flinch away when Rick started petting his hair.

The bullies didn't say anything. They just kept touching him. The innocent boy had known very few loving touches, but he would prefer his father's hits over these sickening caresses. He tried desperately to fight, but that just made them laugh harder and hold him tighter. Karofsky leaned in close to his face. The fourteen-year-old bully put his hand up to Kurt's jaw and gave his face a harsh caress. He could feel the tears starting to form behind blue eyes.

Kurt looked around for help. He could see Mr. Ryan on his porch. He had been tending his flowers, but now he was watching the scene unfold with concern. Kurt was certain that he was going to come over and make the boys leave him alone. The young boy watched, shocked as the man simply turned around and walked into his house. His chin was grabbed in a large sweaty hand and he was forced to look at his attacker. Karofsky's ugly face was slowly getting closer to his. Kurt closed his eyes and prayed for it to be over. The bully pressed his face to Kurt's and placed unwanted kisses

against his jawline that were slowly moving to his lips.

Before the bully could steal his first kiss, Kurt heard a sound he had never been glad to hear before, "What the hell are you doing to my son!"

"I saw Mr. Ryan across the street. He looked so concerned… I-I thought he was going to help me…I couldn't believe it! He just turned around and went inside. That was when it *really* hit me; there was something terribly wrong in Derry, *with* Derry."

"How did you get out of that, Kurt?" Blaine was infuriated, but he was able to ask the question calmly.

"Daddy came home…it was one of the only times I was ever really glad to see him."

David pulled his distraught friend into a hug, "So," he said, "it's thirty years later, and right on schedule the killings start up again. Six so far, maybe more. There have been a number of disappearances with no trace of a body. Now I wanted to be absolutely certain before I called anyone. And I became absolutely certain when I found something at the latest crime sight. God, that was just yesterday… anyway…this is it," he finished, showing the picture he had found of Joe to the group. Finn looked away. David put the picture away.

"For whatever reason, there's something very special about us being together. We found each other that summer. Our togetherness made us strong, otherwise, It would have picked us off one by one. I mean, think about it. Is it an accident that none of us have kids? Including Puck? Or that when we came together as young people we were… well we were all…losers? Now look at you. Six of you left Derry and became unusually successful. Big time breadwinners."

"Leaving you here holding the bag," Finn cut in apologetically.

"Yeah, you kept the lighthouse for the rest of us, I feel like a real jerk about that," Blaine said.

"Me too," Kurt agreed in a small voice.

David scoffed, "It's nobody's fault. Our parents decided who stayed

and who went. And when I grew up, I stayed here because I *wanted* to."

Rory shook his head, "I think you stayed because you had to. I don't know what's gonna happen when the sun comes up, but I do know I appreciate what you've done for everyone," Rory stood and pulled David into a hug.

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500 yards from Derry city limits

A red rental car pulled up to a service station. The bell rang, alerting the attendant to the customer. He came outside and walked up to the car waiting at the pump.

"Evenin'," he said with a friendly smile, "You're up late."

Rachel Barbra Berry Hudson leaned out the window, "How much farther is Derry?" she asked, politely.

"Oh, I'd guess about, maybe, 500 yards to the city limits."

Rachel breathed a sigh of relief, "Oh, thank God. I nearly fell asleep a little while ago. I feel like I've been driving forever."

"Well, you just cross the old bridge down there at the Barrens and hang a left."

"The Barrens?" she asked, confused.

"Yes," the attendant said, only his voice was different. It was deep and gravelly. The friendly attitude was gone, "it's where they used to play when they were kids."

Rachel was frightened and hurried to plug her seatbelt back in. This man was scaring her and she wanted Finn, "Thank you…I'll be going now."

"Don't you want your balloon first, Ms. Hudson?" he asked.

She turned back to the attendant. Only instead of the friendly, if somewhat greasy, man, there was a hideous clown, "Don't you want

it?" he asked again, and again. His voice was hypnotic. She couldn't move as the unfriendly eyes began to glow. They glowed brighter and brighter until she felt as though she was drowning in them. His voice had become an angry growl. She was frozen.

And then, everything went black.

12. Chapter 12

Author's Note: Warnings for racial slurs, and dubious consent. Warning for character death (minor) and the injury of a main character. Talk of blood

Disclaimer: I don't own it

Derry, Maine 1990

"They chased me out of the hall, past the lockers. They got me down and they started slapping me," Blaine was telling them how he had lost weight, "And the coach found me lying there…I was crying…I-I thought he was gonna help me. But instead, he made fun of me and something in me snapped; I got mad and I said, 'Coach, you coach track, right?' and he just sneered at me and nodded, and I said, 'Well, you listen to me, you stone brained son of a bitch; I'm gonna go out for the track team in March and I'm gonna run down everything you've got! I'm gonna run down your best! And then I want a f… *flippin'* apology from you,'" Blaine caught himself just in time. Needless to say, that wasn't what he had said to the coach.

Rory cut in with a smile, "And so, you did it?"

"Yeah, I ran everywhere! Sometimes my heart felt like it was pounding so hard I was gonna pass out. The first time I ran a mile, I puked *then* fainted," he explained, jokingly, forcing a chuckle out of Kurt. He looked proud of that, "then, finally, I was holding up my pants as I ran. I was eating salads like there was no tomorrow, and by March, I lost seventy pounds and I had grown two inches. Every time I ran, I felt like I could fly. And then I went out for track, just like I said I would. The first day I was out there, I won the 220 and the 440. I just blew away the coach's best guys! After practice, I walked right up to that coach and I ask for that apology; he was so furious, he hit me."

"No, were you alright?" Kurt asked, concerned.

Blaine was smiling, however, "It was perfect!"

"Yeah, you beat him," Sam said with a smile.

"And everyone knew it," Rory added.

"I graduated from El Paso High with a letter in track and the coach lost his job over that little love tap," Blaine finished with a satisfied smirk.

Rory smiled, "That was great, Blaine! You oughtta write that one down."

"Nah, Finn's our writer. I just compose."

"I only write horror stories

David cut in, "You know, we still haven't talked about what we're going to do…if we're going to do anything."

Sam sighed, "Oh, Davey, Davey, Davey. Listen kids, this campfire stuff is fun, but it doesn't matter how painstakingly we go over these sewer plans, or how many damn flashlights or helmets you've got in that box! When the sun comes up, I'm dust and I would suggest that the rest of you follow me and get the hell outta dodge!"

"I cleaned it up once," Kurt broke in, voice steady, but far away.

"Cleaned what up?" David asked.

"The blood. I-I cleaned the whole thing up that very same night."

It had taken hours, but Kurt had finally scrubbed every last spot of blood off of the bathroom surface. There was no hope for his pajamas, but he could rest easily now knowing that this was cleaned off. He went to leave the bathroom when a mockingly cruel laugh echoed through the room.

He didn't want to turn around.

Kurt closed his eyes and braced himself. He turned back to the sink and nearly cried at the sight that greeted him. The blood was back.

The next morning, Kurt asked his friends to come over to his house. If he

was ever going to sleep in that house again, he needed to know the truth. Could anyone other than Kurt see the blood? His father hadn't been able to, but maybe they could. Kurt led them into the bathroom.

Puck looked around in shock, "What happened in here?" he asked, shocked, "Did somebody get murdered?"

"You see it?" Kurt asked, not knowing if he should be glad that he wasn't losing his mind, or terrified about the fact that the blood was real. He was settling on borderline hysterical, "You really see it?" When the boys nodded, confused, Kurt nearly cried. He walked over to the toilet and sat down on the closed seat. Sam followed, needing to make sure his friend was alright.

"Let's clean this up," Finn said. The boys grabbed towels from the linen closet and set to work cleaning the blood.

"From that moment…I thought I was going crazy! It was so strange to be happy about something so grim! I fell in love with all of you guys that day. And after we cleaned it up, the blood never came back," Kurt finished his story, burying his face in Blaine's shoulder, needing the comfort of a friend. Kurt knew that, like it was in the past, if they wanted to stop It, it needed to be all of them that were left. They needed to work together.

David looked out the nearby window, "It'll be morning soon," he said.

"I'm cold," Kurt said.

"Me too," Sam agreed. Blaine reluctantly pulled away from Kurt.

"I'll get you something," he offered to the pale man.

"There's a sweater in my room," Kurt said, with an appreciative smile.

"Well, give me your room key, and I'll get it," he turned to Sam, "Yours too?"

"Stay together. No stragglers," Finn remembered saying down in the sewers.

"Just grab the first thing you find," Sam said, handing him his key.

"I need to stretch my legs anyway," Blaine said.

"Blaine. Don't go alone," Finn said.

"I need a refill, anyway," Rory said, standing up and motioning at his inhaler.

"I'll join you," David said, and the three men walked out of the room.

When they reached the top of the stairs, David turned to Blaine, "I'll take care of Sam."

"Alright," Blaine agreed, handing him the room key. Rory started walking down the hall to his room when Blaine spoke again, "We meet back here in three minutes, no more and keep your doors open."

David walked into Sam's room. He grabbed a heavy looking cardigan and went to leave when he noticed the window was open. He shut and locked it and walked back to the door. Before he could make it out, he was grabbed from behind. The door slammed shut.

"Hello nigger," David's eyes widened at the voice of his childhood bully. Dave Karofsky had his arm around David's neck and was not letting him scream, "I wanna pay you back, I'm gonna pay you all back." David felt a sharp pain.

He fell to the floor and looked down. Blood was seeping through his sweater vest. He had been stabbed.

Blaine walked into Kurt's room. The only thing on the bed was a soft looking scarf. He looked around the room and saw a bottle of *Kurt Hummel Cologne* sitting on the nightstand. He knew it was creepy, but he couldn't stop himself from picking up the bottle smelling the fragrance. It was soft, but strong. Much like Kurt himself.

He shook his head at himself and put the bottle down. He finally found the sweater carefully draped over a chair. It was a soft, well-loved thing, and Blaine could just imagine Kurt curling up in this when he needed comfort. He picked it up and went to leave when he stopped.

Kurt was standing in the doorway.

The man of his dreams gave him a sweet smile and stepped into the room, closing the door behind him.

"Oh good," he said, looking at the sweater but making no move to take it, "you found it. I'm glad we're alone for a minute… I've been wanting to say something to you… 'Your hair is winter fire. January embers…"

Blaine couldn't keep the hope out of his voice, "…My heart burns there too."

Kurt smiled, "It *was* you," Kurt looked at Blaine threw his eyelashes before saying in a sultry voice, "I've been waiting a long time to thank the poet," he leaned in to kiss Blaine, but the other man leaned back.

"Did you ask Finn first?" he needed to know.

"No, I knew it was you. I've always known it was you. I've just been waiting…waiting until we were both ready," Kurt leaned forward until his lips were just barely touching Blaine's, "I'm ready now." And without any further hesitation, Kurt kissed Blaine.

Blaine responded enthusiastically. This is what he had always wanted. He moved his lips down to Kurt's slender throat and placed soft kisses to the skin he found there. He moved away from his neck, and the movement brought his attention to the mirror above the dresser.

He smiled when he saw Kurt wrapped in his arms, but that smile quickly faded when he saw that Kurt's hand now had a white satin glove. Something that hadn't been there a few moments ago. He saw the smeared white and red makeup on his face and that Kurt's clothes had been replaced with a hideous yellow clown costume. He pulled back with a yell to see Pennywise in his arms, red lipstick smeared.

"Kiss me, fat boy!" the clown laughed at him. Blaine ran to the door. He looked back to make sure the clown wasn't following him, but the room was empty. He frantically rubbed at his face, but found no trace

of makeup. He ran out of the room.

Rory and Blaine were hurrying back to the stairs where they had planned to meet when they heard the sound of glass breaking from Sam's room. They ran to the door. It was locked and they couldn't get in, they pounded on the door but there was no response.

David was lying on the floor, the insane form of Dave Karofsky hovered over him. Karofsky was trying to force the switchblade back into the darker man, but he was fighting for all he was worth. The blade inched closer and closer as David tried to keep the insane man's arm from moving.

Rory and Blaine were finally able to break open the door. They rushed into the room and tried to pull the man off of their friend. Everybody stopped moving when a sickening sound rang out. It was the sound of tearing flesh. The psychopath went limp and rolled off David. They could see the blood staining his clothes.

Dave Karofsky had been killed with his own switchblade as David Sullivan succumbed to his wound and lost consciousness.

13. It

Author's Note: Warning for major character death and talk of past suicidal thoughts, blink and you'll miss it mention of past attempted non-con.

Disclaimer: I don't own it

Derry County Hospital

Finn, Sam, and Rory were all in the waiting room outside of the ICU. Kurt had gone outside to get some air, and Blaine had gone with him. After what happened to David, they weren't going to let anyone be alone, even for a minute. Blaine was just sitting on the steps to the hospital, watching Kurt pace. He hadn't let the pale man out of his sight after that incident with the clown. That kiss had been hard, and uncomfortable. He wondered what it would be like to kiss the real thing.

Blaine was pulled from his musings when Kurt stopped by a rose bush and stared to tear apart one of the flowers he said to himself, "If David dies, there will be five of us left. Who comes next? Which one of us? Why is It doing this? Why does It hate? Why is It so mean?" the stress of the last two days was finally getting to him and he couldn't keep it in any longer.

Blaine stood and walked over to Kurt as his slight form began to shake from the force of his sobs. He grabbed the man he loved and pulled him into a hug.

"Oh, Blaine," Kurt said, once he had calmed down a little, but not pulling out of the hug, "I want to tell you something…you remember what my father was like?" Kurt felt Blaine nod, "I fell in love with a man who turned out to be everything I always hated in my father! Why would I do that? How could I be so blind?!"

Blaine shook his head, he was still holding Kurt in his arms, "If you see it now, you're not blind anymore, Kurt. Congratulations, that's a miracle…besides, at least you fell in love with somebody…at least

you felt…*something*…that's a miracle, too," *even if it wasn't with me,* remained unsaid.

Kurt smiled, "You have the heart of a poet, Blaine," he sighed, closing his eyes before they snapped open again, "…Your hair is winter fire…" he whispered, hesitantly.

Blaine pulled back as if he had been shocked, and stared at Kurt in fear, "Why did you say that?" he asked, harshly.

"You wrote it, didn't you," Kurt asked, confused by the reaction, he noticed how scared Blaine looked, "Your hair is winter fire, January embers…something else," he trailed off, the rest of the poem lost over the years, "All this time I thought it was Finn, but it was you, wasn't it?"

Blaine took another step back, "Dammit, Kurt, is that you in there or is that the clown?! I don't know what the hell is going on! How the hell am I supposed to know—"

He was cut off when Kurt gently grabbed his face with two soft hands, "It's me," he said calmly, before pulling Blaine into a kiss that he had been waiting thirty years for and that Kurt had never even known he had wanted. Kurt pulled back with a sigh "My heart burns there, too."

Blaine pulled him back into a kiss. This was what he had always wanted. The one with the imposter had been rough and harsh. It had lust, deception, and anger behind it. This was simply…perfect. The feel of Kurt's soft lips against his own was everything he had ever dreamed of. Blaine poured thirty years of unrequited love into the kiss. Kurt seemed almost hesitant as he moved his mouth against Blaine's. The curly haired man placed his hands on Kurt's slim waist and pulled him closer.

Kurt hadn't known a kiss could feel like this. Adam had been his first relationship, and he had been nothing but rough and bruising. This held passion, but Kurt was able to feel the love Blaine had for him and it was like nothing he had ever known. This beautiful man loved him, and Kurt knew in his heart, that he could love Blaine back.

They were both so caught up in a kiss that was thirty years in the making that they didn't notice Rory running into the courtyard. He awkwardly cleared his throat and motioned them back inside. They ran back to the waiting room where David's doctor was waiting with Sam and Finn.

"David's gonna be okay," Sam said happily.

Kurt and Blaine breathed a sigh of relief, "Can we see him," Kurt asked.

The doctor shook his head, "He's not out of the woods yet…I suppose one of you could see him, but only for a minute." They turned to Finn.

"You're closest to him," Blaine said, holding Kurt's hand. The others nodded in agreement. Finn gave a nod and walked into David's room. David's eyes were closed, so Finn was quiet as he approached.

"David?" he whispered. David opened his eyes and Finn breathed a sigh of relief, "Everyone else is outside."

"Karofsky?" David asked.

"Dead." David nodded.

"Police?"

"Not yet."

"Be careful," he warned, "You can't trust anyone."

Finn smirked, "If anybody asks, a party got out of hand. You were dancing on a table, took a fall…that sort of thing."

David chuckled, "Anyone who has seen me dance would buy that. What are you gonna do?"

Finn's smile faded, "I don't know, man…I honestly do not know."

David nodded, "My jacket," he said motioning to the wardrobe, "Outside pocket." Finn opened the wardrobe and reached into the

pocket, pulling out two heavy silver stones. Earrings, to be exact. The same ones he had seen thirty years before.

"They're silver!" Finn shouted, finally losing his patience with Puck, "They can kill it."

Finn stared at David, "But we left these down in the s—" he trailed off, hoping that David hadn't put his life in danger, but his friend only nodded, "You went back?" he asked, shocked.

"I was pretty sure It was asleep."

"Pretty sure? You went alone?"

"Ten years ago, my life was really going downhill. It was a suicide. I think I really wanted It to wake up and kill me. It took me all day, stumbling around in the dark. I found one right away in the drain trap. The other one, the one that hit Pennywise, was lodged in a crack in the wall. I figured we might need that kind of help again one day. When I came out I kinda started to get my life together. All that changed was this," he said, putting a hand up to his hair, which Finn hadn't really noticed, which had gone completely gray, "almost overnight. Fear," he said with a shrug, "Finn…if you decide not to use those stones, if you leave, I'll understand."

Finn smiled gratefully and put his hand on his friends. He honestly didn't know what they were going to do.

Back at the hotel, they were in Sam's room, trying to decide what to do with Dave Karofsky's body. Kurt, who hadn't been able to look at him, had covered the corpse with a throw blanket.

"People, that is a dead body!" Blaine said, "You're not seriously suggesting that we just walk out and leave it lying there!" he said to Finn.

"Yeah," Finn said, calmly, "That is what I'm suggesting."

"I think we oughtta call the police."

"I think Rory's right," Sam said, from where he was packing his bag.

"Sam, this whole town is It in some way. All of them," Finn said, trying to make them understand why they couldn't call the police.

Kurt still remembered Mr. Ryan, standing on his porch, just watching as Kurt was nearly molested. "Finn's right. If we call the police, get the town involved, something bad is going to happen to one of us. Maybe all of us!"

"Alright, have it your way," Rory said, voice shaking, "Puck's dead, David came close. I've seen enough."

"I'm with you, boy," Sam said.

"You can put this behind you? Just like that?"

"I am a little old for monster hunting, Finn!" Rory yelled, "So was David!"

"So was Puck!" Sam cut in. Rory turned to Blaine.

"How do you feel about this?"

"I don't know," the curly haired man replied, "All I know is that I can't stay in this room much longer. So, I-I suggest we just turn on the T.V. hang a do not disturb sign on the door, go outside, and then figure out what to do," he said before leaving the room.

"I second that," Kurt agreed, following him out. Finn was right behind them and Rory went next, hanging the do not disturb sign on the door. Sam zipped up his bag, turned on the T.V. and went to leave the room. As he went to close the door, something on the news made him stop.

"Police Chief Clarington said the victim, five-year-old Lauren Zizes, was playing at a creek near her home. Authorities have not yet said whether there might be a connection between this, and the recent rash of disappearances involving young children. They do say, however, that the body was severely mutilated. In other news, a series of robberies in the East End have local officials baffle—"

Sam shut the door and locked it behind him. He tried to wipe the picture the news had had of that little girl from his mind. A cute,

pudgy brunette with glasses was dead. And he knew it was because of It. He shook his head and went caught up to his friends as they were walking down the stairs.

"I'd appreciate it if you would just put that on my card and send me a receipt," Blaine said from the front of the line to the girl at reception, tossing his keys onto the front desk.

"Me too, thank you," Kurt said, politely, not slowing down.

"Me too," said Rory.

"Alright, loads of fun, gotta go, buy," Sam said, practically throwing his key at the poor girl. Finn just gave a smile and a nod as he went by, placing his own key on the desk when he stopped. *Beethoven's 5th* was playing in one of the parlor rooms. He didn't know why, but he walked over to the room the music was coming from and saw a woman sitting at the piano, a young boy at her side, facing away from him. Was this real? Why would it not be? Why does this feel so out of place? Finn closed his eyes and turned around. He didn't open them until he was walking away.

He left the hotel and looked at his friends. Kurt and Blaine appeared to be sharing a cab, while Sam was giving Rory a ride. They all stopped what they were doing to look at him.

"Need a ride, Finn?" Sam asked, after a few seconds of silence.

"Where are you going, Sammy?"

"Airport."

"I guess we are, too, Finn," Blaine said from where he stood next to Kurt.

"Come with us," Kurt pleaded.

Finn shook his head, "I saw something. And I have no idea if it was real. If any of you would've seen it or not. I can't go. Because if I do, then I'm going to live with this until I go insane. Until I can't tell the difference between my life and my bad dreams. For years I've been getting paid to scare people, but I'm the one that's been scared. All

my life…I don't wanna be scared anymore. I'm going back in, this time I'm gonna kill It."

"Help me," Eleven-year-old Finn asked from where he was standing by the creek, "Help me. Please help me."

They had made a promise to him then that they would help him kill It. Kurt walked over and pulled him into a hug. Blaine followed and they were joined by Rory. Sam just looked at them and nodded. They sent Kurt and Blaine's cab away, piled into Sam's rental, and drove to the Barrens.

Sam had planned to take David's boxes of supplies back to his house, so they were already in his trunk. Kurt was changing his shoes while Finn and Blaine looked over the blueprints.

Sam looked at his flashlight and said, "I don't suppose anyone thought to bring anything useful? Like a machine gun, perhaps."

"I brought this," Kurt said, pulling an old slingshot out of his bag, "It's the only thing I saved from those days."

Blaine gave him a fond smile, "I remember you were a dead-shot, Kurt."

"You couldn't miss," Rory said.

"It was like it was supposed to be Kurt, remember? You hit the clown, Pennywise, in the head and it broke open?"

"And underneath it was a light," Kurt said.

"Bright lights," Rory said with a nod.

"Dead lights," Finn cut in, rolling up the blueprints, "We saw them, too, for a second. Kurt," he reached into his pocket and pulled out the silver stones."

Kurt's eyes widened at the sight, "Finn…How on Earth?"

"David went down and got them, these are for him," he put one in Kurt's open palm, "and for Puck," he added the other and closed

Kurt's small hand into a fist.

Rory put his hand on Finn's, "The lucky seven."

Blaine put his hand on Rory's, "We're all here now."

Sam rolled his eyes, "Oh, come on. Guys what the hell are you gonna do now, sing Kumbaya? Wake up! Take a breath! Do you smell that? That's death. It's not for Dave, it's not for Puck, it's not for Dave Karofsky! It's for us! It's in the air! Losers fight It, losers die! And you know that, don't you, captain?" he said, leveling a glare at Finn.

"You don't have to go down there, Sam," the tall man said.

"Right," Sam scoffed, "I didn't have to get on a plane in L.A, I didn't have to go to the dinner, I sure as hell didn't have to come out here, and now I don't have to go in," the others just stared at him. Sam sighed, "I still say we should've brought a machine gun."

Finn gave a small chuckle and started to walk down the hill, the others following closely. They walked into the abandoned sewers, and it was just like when they were children. It was still dark, and still cold. The smell was the worst, though. It wasn't like anything you would expect in a sewer… this was the scent of death. Decay and rot hit them as soon as they walked in. They didn't stop, not until they reached that same old manhole they had climbed down thirty years before.

Blaine climbed down first. As the others followed, he said, "I remember, the first thing I saw down here was one of those pompoms…" he cut himself off as something on the floor caught his eye. It was a maroon handbag, with a star embroidered in gold on the front. He picked it up and shined his flashlight on it, "This purse…it looks new."

Finn's eyes widened and his face filled with dread, "My god," he breathed, grabbing the purse from Blaine's hands.

"Finn?" Kurt asked, concerned. Finn didn't respond.

"It's not possible," he muttered, tearing open the purse and looking for identification. Anything that would prove that this purse wasn't

hers, "Rachel," he whispered, pulling out her passport, "What in God's name…" he trailed off, and stared down the dark tunnel, "She's down here. It's got her," he didn't waste another second before taking off down the tunnel.

"Finn! Wait dammit!" Blaine yelled after him, before he and the others chased after their distraught friend.

Finn got halfway down the tunnel before he slipped in something he would rather not think about and fell to the hard cement floor. He was so worried for his wife that he couldn't breathe. He just pulled his long legs up to his chest and tried to stave off the panic attack he could feel forming. If there was ever a time to remain calm, this was it. He could hear his friends calling for him, but he couldn't think.

"You're gonna get yourself killed, Finn!" Blaine said when they found him.

Finn could barely speak, "I-i-it's m-m-my fault!" he sobbed, "F-f-f-followed me! I-I t-told her—" Kurt cut him off.

"Finn! That's enough! If she is down here, there's only one way you can help her. Now, you know what we came down here for! And we're *going to do it!* Now we need you! We need you to stand up for us like before, or none of us are going to get out of here!"

Finn looked down, ashamed. Kurt was right. If there was any way to save his wife, he needed to pull himself together. He pulled himself to his feet and took a deep breath before turning to the others, "Stay close together." They went on down the tunnels, following the path David had made for them on the blueprints.

Blaine shook his head when they met a fork that wasn't on the blueprints, "It looks like we're off the map," he said, crumbling the paper.

"That way," Rory said, pointing right. They followed the tunnel until they reached the heart of the sewers, "We're here," the Irish man said.

They looked around. The walls were still cracked, but roots from the plants above them had broken through the ceiling.

Rory looked up at them and shuddered, before praying out loud, "God, please don't let these things come to life."

"Don't you even think that, Rory," Sam said, not wanting to take any chances.

"Something's coming," Finn said, cutting them off. Sailing towards them down a stream of sewage water, was a little boat made of old newspaper. It stopped at Finn's feet. He looked down the tunnel it had come down. Standing at the end, was the figure of a young boy, wearing a raincoat. It hung awkwardly on his body where his right arm was supposed to be.

"My boat," the young boy said.

"Joe," Finn choked out. Joe went on.

"It's all your fault."

Finn's heart broke, "Joe…"

"All your fault, Finn. You sent me out and It killed me!"

"No…no, Joe…I d-d-didn't mean—"

"Finn," Kurt cut him off, "remember that's not Joe! Remember! Fight It!"

"It was in the drain, Finn," the creature went on, "It was in the drain! And you let It kill me!"

"No!" Finn cried, unable to listen to the words coming out of his innocent little brother's mouth, "I l-loved you."

"Dammit, Finn, that thing's not Joe!" Blaine shouted.

"Come on, man," Rory said, "Fight It!"

Finn took strength from his friends and looked the thing in the eyes, "You're…not Joe. Joe is dead. And it's not my fault." Falsely innocent eyes glared at him as the small figure vanished from view. Finn closed his eyes, and said, "You killed my brother, you bastard. Let's

see you now. Let's see you now. Show yourself," there was nothing, Finn continued, "You killed my little brother, and now you're gonna pay."

"Go!" the clown's rough voice filled the room, but It was nowhere to be seen, "Go! While there's still a chance! This is your last warning!"

"Show yourself!" Finn's voice was steady.

"Silly boy," came from in front of them. The clown wasn't there, but it was almost as if It was projecting Itself to them, "You still think you can see me?" It laughed, "You'll never see me! You'll see only what your little mind can allow. Go! Now! For if you stay…you'll lose your little minds in my deadlights," It whispered, sounding more frightening then It ever had, "Like all the others. Like *all* the others," the thing laughed as all trace of It faded.

Sam walked up to Finn, "Finn…Finn we can't fight that thing. It's like trying to fight smoke."

"Don't you understand what David was trying to tell us," Finn said, calmly, "It *feeds* Sam. It wakes up every thirty years, and It *feeds.* And in order to feed, It has to take on some kind of physical form. It's here…down here…somewhere…" he looked down at the boat he was holding. It had come from somewhere, and now it needed to go back. He put the boat back in the water and waited. The boat started to move, away from the drain. The five men followed.

They followed the boat for a good ten minutes until it stopped at what appeared to be some kind of small bank. There was a walkway leading up to a tiny door, that was lined with too small human skulls.

"Fe fi fo fum," Sam tried to joke, but his voice was too hard.

"Are we going to be strong enough," Blaine asked.

"We have to be," Kurt said, taking his hand.

"I have to tell you guys something, before we go in there," Rory said, "I-I've been lying."

"About what?" Sam asked.

"When I said that I was seeing someone…but I'm not…in fact I haven't ever…I mean, I've never even been with any—"

"Rory, Rory what are you saying," Sam interrupted, "You're a virgin?"

"Yeah."

Sam was quiet for a second, "Well, I can't help you with that, pal. Thanks for sharing."

Kurt rolled his eyes at him, "Sam let him talk." He walked over to Rory and took his hand.

Rory blushed, "You see…I could never sleep with somebody that I didn't love. But I've never really loved anyone…except for you guys."

Kurt gave him a soft kiss on the cheek, "You're not the only one," he said kindly, causing the other four men to look at him in shock. Kurt sighed, "I could never be with someone I didn't trust. I've only ever trusted six people," he said, with a pointed look at them, "Now, enough of this. Let's go."

They turned back to the small door. Finn crouched down in front of it and pushed it open. The door opened up into a large, dank cave. A white substance covered most of the roof of the cave. The smell of rot was even stronger in here, and when Finn shined his light up to the roof to get a better look at the white stuff, they could see why.

Bodies. There were dead, rotting bodies hanging above their heads, the white substance forming a web.

They all float.

And once you're down here with me…you'll float too!

They felt sick as they finally realized what It meant.

Finn walked closer to the web. He didn't know why. Just to see if anyone was alive. He felt his stomach roil as he saw just how deep it went. How many corpses were trapped up there. He went to turn back to his friends when he saw a familiar face.

Thick, dark brown hair. Chocolate colored eyes stared at nothing, but did not blink. A prominent nose that spoke of her heritage.

"Rachel," he whispered, before dropping the flashlight and attempting to climb the rock wall of the cave.

"Finn, for God's sake!" Kurt cried, chasing after him.

"Wait for us, buddy," Blaine said, following Kurt.

"It's Rachel. I'm going to get her," before he could get very far, they all heard a deep growl echo through the cave. They looked towards the sound to see It.

It wasn't the clown, but it wasn't anything they had seen before. Not even in their nightmares. The creature stood tall, nearly twelve feet. It slowly approached them on six legs, covered in dangerous looking spikes. Two revolting claws attached to a rotting torso were snapping at them, grabbing at them. Staring at them were eyes as black as pitch. Fangs dripping venom hung below.

"Damn you to Hell," Finn whispered, staring into Its eyes.

Kurt didn't hesitate to put one of the silver stones into the slingshot and pull back. He let it fly, but the thing moved just enough that the stone barely grazed it.

"Dammit!" he shouted, pulling out the other one. His aim was true, but it merely bounced off the things hard body, "Shit!" he shouted, before running after it.

Just after he passed It reared up on Its hind legs. A bright light filled the dark cave, and enveloped Finn. He couldn't move. He couldn't think.

"It's taking him!" Blaine shouted, "Finn!" he ran over to his friend and tried to pull him away, but he was caught. He had only glanced for a second, but it was enough. The Deadlights. A single look was all it took to become ensnared. Sam didn't think before running after them and trying to pull them away. He hadn't even closed his eyes. The Deadlights made you want to be there. It was like standing on a train track and seeing the light come straight at you. You knew what it

was, and you knew the danger, but something as warm as light couldn't possibly be harmful. He couldn't move.

Rory kept his hands over his eyes. He was helpless. If he tried to pull them away, he would be caught, too. A memory came to him. It held Puck against the wall, Rory had only had one weapon.

"This is battery acid, you slime! He screamed spraying the medicine in Its face. The creature lived on beliefs and fears, and Rory believed in that moment that his inhaler was filled with acid.

Rory pulled his inhaler out of his pocket and approached the monster. Keeping his eyes covered, he said, "I believe in Santa Claus. I believe in the Easter Bunny. I believe in the Tooth Fairy. But I don't believe in you! This is batter acid! Now you disappear!" he sprayed the chemical onto the creature, causing it to roar in agony.

The one thing Rory hadn't counted on, however, was that this thing was much bigger than the clown had been.

He screamed as those repulsive pinchers grabbed him around the waist and lifted him high into the air.

Kurt had scrambled to the area where he had seen the stones fall, and was frantically searching for them. He finally found them as Rory's screams echoed through the cave. The pale man looked up in fear for his friend. He put one stone in the slingshot and prayed, "Please God. Don't let me miss again." He ran back to the beast and aimed, this time at the lights on the monster's fragile underbelly, destroying the lights within. The silver punctured It just as a loud, sickening snap filled the room, and Rory's body went limp.

The creature screamed and dropped the man to the ground.

The thing was out of sight, and Finn, Blaine, and Sam were released from Its deadlights. They saw Rory on the ground in front of them and raced over to their fallen friend.

"Rory!" Sam cried.

Rory gave them a weak smile, "Hey…nice shot Kurt."

"Don't talk," Sam said, "You're gonna be fine, Rory."

Rory gave a pain filled chuckle as tears rolled down his face, "Don't lie, Sam. You know I hate it when " his voice faded.

"Rory," Kurt whimpered to no avail. That monster had broken his spine, and the fall onto the rocks had taken care of the rest. He had been too late.

They weren't given time to grieve their friend. They could still hear the creature moaning and wailing. It was hurt, but It needed to die. Sam gently placed Rory's head back down onto the stones and stood up, face filled with rage, "This isn't over. If that thing comes back when I'm seventy…"

"Let's finish it," Finn said, voice hoarse.

"Once and for all," Blaine agreed.

Kurt didn't say anything. He followed the creature and left the others to follow him. It was moving slowly, trying to fix itself. They didn't give it a chance.

That thing had haunted them without mercy for thirty years. They weren't afraid of It now. The four remaining men ran up to the monster and forced It to the ground onto Its side. The underbelly had been the only soft spot, and they showed the beast no mercy.

They kicked and ripped it apart, pulling out the monster's intestines with their bare hands. They didn't stop until there was nothing left inside. Finn sat down, exhausted when he remembered, "Rachel," he said, running back to the web. They stopped in shock.

"It's all coming down," Kurt said.

And it was. Every body that had been in the web was falling to the floor, including Rachel. Finn rushed over to her and grabbed her body before it hit the ground. He tore the webs off of her and cradled her in his arms, fighting back tears. He put his hand to her delicate throat, praying for a pulse.

His prayers were granted. It was there. Weak, but there. He let the

tears fall from his face and rose to his feet. Sam had grabbed Rory's body and had him draped over his shoulders. Blaine and Kurt were supporting each other. Finn looked at them, "Let's get out of here."

For the very last time, they made their way out of the sewers. There was no doubt that It was dead. They were free. Two of them hadn't made it, one of them was in the hospital, and Finn's whole world was practically dead. But they were free. And It would never hurt them again.

14. Epilogue

Author's Note: Thank you to everyone who read this, and everyone who might end up reading this in the future.

Journal of David Sullivan

'I guess that's how I'd like to remember us…if I could remember us… standing there by the lake. The sun going down on our childhood. This will be my last entry. I got it in just in time. Just before the fog in my brain swept all my memories away entirely. Now, just weeks later, I look back on that time. Not from memory, but from the pages of this book. The nightmare is over. What little police involvement there was, was brief and cursory, as is always the case here in Derry. Now that there is no further need for a lighthouse keeper, well, I feel I may move on. See whatever's down the road. As of this writing Sam is still knocking them dead. He's got a part in a movie.'

Sam liked his costume. He looked like Indiana Jones. Well, if Indiana Jones used a tennis racket instead of a whip. He wasn't really sure what this movie was about, but he was definitely having a lot of fun doing it. He saw his new wife, Mercedes, laughing at him and his costar as they had an expert swordfight with the rackets.

Seriously…no idea what it was about.

But he was happy. Truly happy. And free.

'He costars with another comic. A guy any of the Lucky Seven could've told you, looks a lot like Rory Flannigan. His wife is expecting a baby. Another curse broken.

Kurt and Blaine left Derry together. Headed to Chicago.'

When Kurt had asked Blaine to come with him, the curly haired man hadn't hesitated to say yes. Blaine could compose anywhere, but Kurt

had an entire company in Chicago. He couldn't just leave. So, it had been an easy choice. Blaine could finally cherish the man he loved, and Kurt could allow himself to be loved, and to love without fear.

Their only real downside was when Blaine had nearly been arrested for punching Adam when the man had shown up at Kurt's apartment. No charges were filed, but Kurt got a restraining order, and bought him out of the company.

It had taken them a while to find each other, but they weren't going to waste a minute.

'After three months, they were married.

Finn and Rachel are still here. I wish the news were better, but Rachel's condition is unchanged. They're leaving today. Finn thought the time here away from work might somehow help her. But I guess Rachel's gone for good. One of Its many casualties. Lost in the place where she saw Its Deadlights.

Finn comes to visit me every day. We laugh about our failing memories. We sometimes have to ask each other's names now.

His sadness is profound. I just wish there was something I could do. Something I could have done.'

Finn led Rachel out to the cab and was helping her inside when something caught his eye. It was his old bicycle. He asked the driver to wait for a few minutes. He grabbed the bike and his wife. He took the two to the top of the steepest hill in Derry.

He sat on the bike, and arranged his catatonic wife in front of him, putting one arm over his shoulder, "Rachel," he said, knowing she couldn't hear him, "this bike saved little Puck's life once. Mine too. We were going so fast I think we beat the devil…I don't know if I can go that fast again. Hold on." And he pushed off and down the hill. His stomach was racing as they flew down the hill, he ignored the cars and just prayed for her to beat It. He swerved to miss a car when he felt it. The arm around his shoulder tightened and a hand gripped his

sleeve.

"Finn, where are we? What are we doing?" she asked, trying not to panic.

Finn was trying not to cry. They were almost at the bottom of the hill, "Just hang on, baby. It's okay." He pulled to a stop and clutched his wife to his chest. He kissed her with a passion he hadn't given her in years. This was a gift. And he would not squander it.

They were all free at last.